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THE CRITIC AND HIS TASK.

"We read far too many poor things," said Goethe to Eckermann, "thus losing time and gaining nothing." In similar vein and at greater length, Schopenhauer gave vent to this characteristic outburst: "The amount of time and paper—their own and other people's—wasted by the swarm of mediocre poets, and the injurious influence they exercise, are matters deserving of serious consideration. For the public is ever ready to seize upon novelty, and has a natural proneness for the perverse and the dull as most akin to itself. Therefore the works of mediocre poets divert public attention, keeping it away from the true masterpieces and the education they offer; acting in direct antagonism to the benign influence of genius, they ruin taste more and more, retarding the progress of the age. Such poets should therefore receive the scourge of criticism and satire without indulgence or sympathy, until led, for their own benefit, to apply their talents to reading what is good rather than to writing what is bad. For if the bungling of the incompetent so aroused the wrath of the gentle Apollo that he could flay Marsyas, I do not see upon what the mediocre poet can base his claim to tolerance."

In such comment as we have just quoted there is a vein of bitterness not altogether to the taste of our complacent and easy-going modern age, so zealous in bearing witness to its democratic faith that it grudges recognition of any aristocracy at all, even of one as imprescriptible as that of genius. Live and let live, give every man his due and a little more, credit the intention rather than the performance, are some of the formulas in which the modern spirit of comfortable optimism finds expression. When literary production is the subject of criticism there are many motives at work in the interest of leniency or excessive generosity. Leaving entirely out of the question the unabashed puffery, regulated by counting-room conditions, that parades as criticism in so many of our newspapers; taking into serious account only the critical writing that is, as far as conscious purpose goes, honest in its intent; this work is still often weakened by influences too insidious in their action to be distinctly felt, yet giving it a tendency which, in view of the larger interests of the reading public, is undoubtedly pernicious. The critic deficient merely in knowledge heeds too closely the warning example of the early critics of Shelley and Keats, of Wordsworth and Tennyson, and casts his anchors to windward, hoping thereby to save his reputation from the scorn in which theirs stands pilloried. The critic whose defects are of the heart rather than of the intellect, who is too amenable to social influences or of too

kindly a disposition to give the work under examination the character he knows it to possess, softens the outlines of truth (often quite unconsciously), and produces a distinctly false impression. In either case the public is served to its detriment rather than to its profit. The critic's paramount duty is, of course, his duty to the public, and any personal or private influence whatever must be resisted by him from the moment that its presence is felt.

All this is not easy, and yet it may be done by a writer who has both knowledge and honesty. If a book has little or no value, the fact must be clearly and firmly stated, no matter what the author under discussion may feel. This assignment to its place of a new book need not be done with the traditional brutality of the Quarterly reviewer, although even that would be better than the insipidity of the twaddle that so often passes for criticism, and that is obviously enough intended to win the good opinion of the author as well as to so hoodwink the public that its good opinion shall not be forfeited. How few critics there are who, recognizing the worthlessness of books, are yet ready, in Milton's phrase, to "do sharpest justice on them as malefactors"? In fact, the sin of the Quarterly reviewers was not so much brutality as ignorance. Their attitude was hopelessly provincial, and they sought to conceal their limitations by the vigor of their invective. After all, a new book is bound to show an adequate reason for its being; if no such reason exists, the fact cannot be too soon discerned and stated. A new book is an attempt to divert the attention of readers from those already in their possession; it is an impertinence unless it bears a sufficient warrant. Books of knowledge must be multiplied with the advance of science, and their warrant is found in new facts and in the more perfect formulation of old ones. What Mr. Ruskin calls "books of the hour" are warranted by the special interests of the hour. "We ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them." With books of these classes, the task of the critic is simple. He must seize upon their elements of novelty or of timeliness, and must determine whether or not they accomplish their purpose.

With books that pretend to be additions to literature proper—with poems, plays, and novels—his task is different. He must be alert to detect new notes of song or of passion, but if only feeble echoes reward the search he must make the fact perfectly clear. Of the books of *belles-lettres* published during a given year, it is certainly safe to say that nine out of ten should never have seen the light, that in at least this fraction of the total number there is neither wit, nor invention, nor grace of style, nor harmony of numbers, in any redeeming measure. And the critic who persuades his readers that acquaintance with these empty books is more desirable than acquaintance with the recognized masterpieces—that it is desirable at all in view of the real literature waiting to be read—is careless of his responsibility and false to his trust.

There is, after all, but one standard in literature, and that is the highest. The great writers not only offer us boundless delight in themselves, but they provide us with a touchstone for the testing of all spurious metal. In a certain sense, it is the critic's business to make his readers independent of criticism, just as the physician's aim must be to make his patients independent of medicine. And the reader who has formed his taste upon good models does not need the critic's services except for occasional guidance. But the readers who need those services for instruction, in these days of insignificant or worthless books profusely multiplied, are still many; and the critic who sets up as absolute any merely relative standard of excellence, who describes the work of talent in terms only applicable to the work of genius, who praises the echo of noble literary work without clearly indicating its derivative character, who does not frequently renew his own strength by draughts from the fountains of literary inspiration,—the work of this critic can be the source of no real helpfulness, and can only expect to share the speedy oblivion awaiting the books that it seems for a moment to magnify into component parts of permanent literature.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford, in his Twentieth Century Club address of February 3, gave a very interesting account of the characteristics, customs, and curious superstitions of the Calabrian peasantry, the speaker's neighbors for several years past. Particularly interesting was his account of the story of Judas Iscariot in its Calabrian version, a story passed from mouth to mouth through countless unlettered generations, and gathered by Mr. Crawford from the lips of his peasant friends of to-day. The arch-traitor was, it seems, a Calabrian by birth, and dire things were predicted of his future at the time of infancy. The curious thing about the story is that it offers an exact counterpart of the awful tale of *Edipus Tyrannus*, including the exposure and preservation of the child, the slaying of his father and the marriage with his mother. It was after all these things had happened that he went to Palestine, and played the part with which we are so familiar. It may well puzzle the student of popular tradition to account for this strange mixture of Greek legend and Christian history.

The Madison papers, recently acquired by the Chicago Historical Society through the generosity of Mr. Marshal Field, constitute one of the most important existing collections of the materials for American history. They comprise five large volumes of letters of James Madison, President of the United States; one large volume of letters of General John Armstrong, Minister to France during Jefferson's administration, General of the Army of the United States, and Secretary of War in 1812; one large volume of letters of Joseph Jones, who was Washington's representative in the Continental Congress, and one large volume of letters of Edmund Randolph, Attorney General of the United States in the Cabinet of George Washington. The letters and papers of James Madison are some fourteen hundred in number, and were written when he

was a delegate to the Continental Congress, a member of the Constitutional Convention and of the First Congress, Secretary of State, and President of the United States, and after he had retired to private life. The Armstrong letters relate largely to the War of 1812, and the Jones letters to the period of the Continental Congress. Seventy-five hundred dollars was the price paid for this collection of papers.

The New York Theatre of Arts and Letters is about to act upon a suggestion made by THE DIAL in a recent article on literature and the stage. In that article we expressed the hope that the new organization might bring into its scope old plays of historical or literary interest. We now learn that a historical course of plays is in preparation. Mr. Brander Matthews is editing for the stage of the new theatre no less interesting a work than "Ralph Roister Doister." The first of American plays, "The Contrast," is being furnished up by Mr. Joseph Jefferson for the same purpose. Even the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus (in English) is contemplated, and its production has been taken in hand by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop. We are furthermore told that "this special historical course will be preliminary to the production of masterpieces written for the stage by men of genius of all times." Is it possible that the time is near when the drama—"the Cinderella of the arts," as Mr. Willard styled it in his Twentieth Century Club address—is no longer to be left to shift for itself, but is to count upon some share of the intelligent and practical support already liberally given in this country to other arts no more deserving of such recognition? The state or municipal theatre will probably long be a dream of the remote future with us, but the encouragement of dramatic art by private means need be a dream no longer than is required to make the cultivated public realize its importance.

Mr. George W. Smalley, in one of his letters to the American newspapers, has the following amiable remarks about Mr. George Meredith: "The election of Mr. George Meredith as President of the Society of Authors in succession to Tennyson indicates, strikingly enough, the decadence of English letters. Tennyson was the first writer of English of his time. George Meredith is almost the worst. . . . He has certain gifts of a high order, which are not common. But he has carried affectation and obscurity to a point reached by no other writer of this century. His style is an abomination, and his great powers only make it the more deplorable and the more dangerous. His readers are under the spell of a mind out of the common run. They are attracted, sometimes fascinated, by the imaginative force and originality which his grotesqueness of expression cannot entirely obscure. Those who care for simplicity, for truth of form, for art, for English, are repelled, and it is no matter for rejoicing that a body like the Society of Authors should give a factitious importance to an author who, after all, is more remarkable for the violence he has done to literature than for any supreme excellence of any kind whatsoever." This is probably too severe, but it does strike a note that needs to be frequently sounded in these days of the special literary cult or sect. It sometimes seems as if, with many readers, a forced and obscure style is a surer passport to distinction than those qualities of even and unobtrusive excellence that characterize the best literature of the past, as they will continue to characterize, in spite of all the incense offered up from small and exclusive shrines, the best literature of the future.

REALISM VERSUS OTHER ISMS.

Let only truth be told, and not all the truth.
These ten words seem to me the true creed-and-ten-commandments for modern prose fiction.

The world has been slow in coming to it. The childhood of the race, like that of the individual, is given to dreams. Infancy lives in fancy. The mewling world awoke to consciousness of light, and peopled the light with phantasms—gods, charged with wondrous words and acts; and the gods of man's imagining became his masters, jealous of his allegiance and listening to his prayers; before them he grovelled, crying aloud and sparing not, lacerating his flesh and macerating his spirit in abject terror of the creatures of his own teeming brain. Then this self-martyrdom began to make the world tired; and the first step toward realism was when men, without dethroning their gods, changed them from mere fetishes to beings possessed of human weaknesses. They were still supernatural, but they were hungry and ate, thirsty and drank, grew drowsy and slept, saw beauty in things about them and enjoyed it—even the beauty of the daughters of men. The second step was when this also made us tired; the gods were pensioned off, and godlike men sprang into being. There were giants in those days, and magicians of invisible art, knights of invincible powers, and ladies of irresistible charm. These too lived out their day and died; and blessed old Cervantes, first of realists, buried them.

But we were not yet done with miracle. In place of miraculous powers, the heroes of romance were endowed with miraculous luck. Fiction still held Fact in chancery, and could and did pummel its face out of all semblance of humanity. A hero thought nothing of being sewed up in a sack and cast into the sea; he simply cut himself out of the sack and swam to the nearest island paved with diamonds.

Even to this day the adolescent, typical of the immaturity of the race in the past, clings to the lucky and unlucky business—as anyone may learn who looks at the reports of a public library. But we others—where do we stand? Some of us thank heaven that we are weaned; we glory in the consciousness of maturity. Better a year of manhood or womanhood than all the long slow ages of babyhood and half-grown powers.

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Better the last half of the nineteenth century, with its freedom of thought, speech, and action, than any age of prescription and artificiality. Thanks to Tolstoi, Daudet, Ibsen, Thomas Hardy, and the other iconoclasts, we deal no more with the unbridled vagaries of romanticism, webs as foolish and purposeless as the gossamer that is felt—and scarcely perceived—when one rides across the prairies facing the breeze of early spring. It weighs nothing, springs from insignificance, and leads no-

where. It reminds one of the little girl's remark about her doll after the home-cradle was newly brought into use: "I don't play with dolly any more. We've got a real meat baby at our house." We now have flesh and blood to laugh and cry over, and the puppets, with all their sawdust, are laid away — or dandled by those eager to live in past times and things, when young men saw signs and wonders and old men dreamed dreams.

Not all the truth should be told. Much that is true is not worth telling; more is not proper to be told. Who shall draw the line? Each for himself, and at his own proper peril. The nearer he comes to the limits, the nearer he comes to success; the moment he oversteps them he is lost. Tolstoi, unflinching in strength and courage, fails in perception of the line. He is a Russian. "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar," — and the Tartar is nearly allied to the Chinaman, who is racially unconscious of perspective. Tolstoi describes a red-haired, cross-eyed monjik, his sheep-skin garments, his evil odor, his naked woods and unfriendly skies, with a particularity which leads one to say, "This oddity must be a pivotal part of the story": to learn his inscrutable name and watch for it in succeeding chapters — only to find that, after all, he reappears nevermore. The description was all there was of him! Tolstoi lost sight of the line, passed the blazed tree and wandered miles away in the unfruitful forest.

As to the other limitation — the exclusion of the untellable, — the same great man is almost equally myopic. Take his wonderful "Khlostomir" (one of the tales in "The Invaders"), wherein he tells the pitiful story of a patient, willing, dutiful, unhappy horse, and contrasts it with that of a selfish, sensual Russian nobleman, in such a way as to make you love the humane brute and hate the brutal human. The part devoted to equine sexuality is (almost of course) unquotable, and the tragic close so rude as to admit only of hints as to its tenor. Suffice it to say that the body of the disgusting *roué* is buried in a splendid black velvet coffin "with tassels at the corners," and left to rot in welcome oblivion, — alive and dead a useless burden on earth. — while poor old Khlostomir's carcass furnishes supper to a gaunt she-wolf, who hurries off to her lonely lair, there to disgorge the flesh for the sustenance of her cubs. The horse was useful to the last!

Strong thinking and strong writing this, with a sweet moral growing out of its gross realism. But such literature is not milk for babes; and prose fiction must be written for men, women, and children. Anatomy, physiology, even pathology, may be taught to all, but not to youths and maidens side by side in the same clinic. Therefore the great Muscovite is far outside the line established for fastidious eastern Europe, especially the English speaking part of it, which stands easily first, in morality, delicacy, and decency, in its prose fiction. Happily, the Anglo-Saxon is a race of families, and what is

not good for every member of a household is excluded from its library table. This is a great sacrifice, but one willingly — joyfully — submitted to by our best and greatest: Hardy, Howells, and their like.

The French, with their exquisite art, show the most perfect perception of the line of limitation in prose fiction. Daudet seems infallible, Maupassant inimitable. Daudet's tremendous chapter giving the death of de Mora (de Morny) after his life of high-handed wickedness, — the great brain removed, weighed, and set aside in a pail, while a sponge fills the brain-pan, — comes close to Khlostomir's she-wolf; yet it observes the line. Maupassant is splendid, and rarely questionable in taste. Flaubert is blind to the line of propriety, — a fault which puts even his great "Madame Bovary" beyond the pale. Zola is a great and glowing failure. He is daring yet dull, wearisome though wicked. He has indubitable courage and industry; studies his themes to the very roots, — pulls them up by the roots, and shows the mass as a nosegay — which it is not. In "La Débâcle" he tries to picture the battle of Sedan, goes to the spot for local color, and questions participants for anecdotal minuteness; and when he has done, every soldier knows that he never saw a battle, heard the explosion of a shell or the whistle of a hostile bullet. Of course he is not so absurd as Hugo manages to be in his much-praised, laughable "Waterloo"; still, his battle is no soldier's battle, but a civilian's study.

As to decency, the Slav does not fully recognize it, the Anglo-Saxon maintains it by habit of thought, the Frenchman by deliberate intention (when at all), pointing the finger at the fig-leaf to show that the figure is draped.

Young, strong, bright, beautiful, gay, brave, and faulty, what better state of being could there be for a new king among men? Such seems to me to be the present aspect of realistic prose fiction. If the preceding statement of the earlier years of literature is true, then the world has come step by step from foolishness to wisdom, from cloudland to solid ground, — at the same time that it has come step by step from darkness to light, from slavery to freedom, from penury to plenty, from cruelty to kindness; in short, from lower to higher. Who dares to hold that intellectual progress has been in a direction the reverse of that made by material progress? — that, while all else has climbed, literature has gone backward or downward?

Idealism, Romanticism, Classicism, cry out that Realism seeks to destroy the works of the past and dim the glory of its workers. Nonsense! The superstructure would be nothing without the foundation. Man would be nothing without the ideal. Our only contention is with that spirit which would turn things upside down — crush the natural man to earth instead of placing him where he belongs, at the summit of the pyramid he has built. Those others also cry out that what we are driving at is mere naked, crude materialism. Nonsense again!

for the strong truth itself is not digestible until it has passed through the alembic of genius.

Let only truth be told, and not all the truth. So a million truths are barred, and all the vague, vast depths of untruths are barred. These barriers established, there remains between them a starry firmament of illimitable light which the mind of man has discerned and the spectroscope and camera of prose fiction have made available for each of us.

JOSEPH KIRKLAND.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

I. POET.

I know the way to many a realm of gold,
And one I pleasure in from day to day,
A rich and lucid realm of perfumed May,
With valleys in the mountains fold on fold,
And glimpses of the sea-waves shorewards rolled;
Glad shapes of Greece revisit the clear ray
Of regnant sun, and the famed water-way
Flows thence unto Bohemia, sung of old.
War's trumpet there recalls to grander peace;
The prince discloses all his secret pain,
Making the sadder truth of life more plain;
Love archly peeps forth from his milk-white fleece
Of half-concealing garments, and increase
Of patriot fervor pours a wondrous strain.

II. CRITIC.

There too I seek a mountain's upper air,
Whence Poesy's every kingdom lies revealed,
Bathed in the light that never shone on field
Or river; Lander lifts his forehead bare
Unto the kissing winds, and the far blare
Of horns reëchoes through the woods which yield
King Arthur's name and knights from depths unsealed,
And Browning shows the soul how passing fair.
The lordships of the sovereign world of song
Glow in the all-transfiguring element,
And high above them with divine intent
Hovers the glory whither poets throng,
Light mixed with music, triumph over wrong,
The splendor Dante knew beneficent.

III. FRIEND OF POETS.

Noble as song, or insight keen and deep
Into the heart of poets, is the skill,
Product of luminous thought and perfect will,
To lure desire to climb the rugged steep
Where high achievement waits, and watchers keep
Eyes on the wheeling skies which bright stars fill,
And flame by flame new revelations thrill
The pulses that responsive bound and leap.
Intimate of the Spirit of the Time,
Friend of the Hope which through the ages runs,
He reaches out unto the eager ones
Whose dreams forever shape themselves in rhyme,
And build the bridge unto the calmer clime
Which feels the strength of more benignant suns.

LOUIS JAMES BLOCK.

COMMUNICATIONS.

TENNYSON'S PLACE IN POETRY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Now that the first feeling of present loss at the death of Tennyson has passed away, it is but natural to try to ascertain as well as may be what is his place among English poets. Doubtless the time is by no means yet come when we can see clearly all his weak points or weigh them properly against his undoubted strength. So there will probably be many who will feel a strong dissent from Professor Stanley's estimate of Tennyson as expressed in his communication in the last issue of THE DIAL. For practical purposes, that estimate amounts to placing Tennyson after Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Spenser, Burns, Byron, Shelley, and Wordsworth, among English poets. This view is based upon four criteria: personality, theme, technique, and quantity; although small importance is given to the last two. As to whether Pope, Dryden, Cowper, Scott, and Keats are all, properly speaking, poets of a third order after those just mentioned, there may still be doubt. Tennyson would probably have been content to rank with Keats, and it may be with Cowper. But even among the poets of the second order there are some with whom Tennyson may compare to advantage, and that upon the basis just noted; notably with Spenser and Burns, possibly with Chaucer and Byron. Where Browning is to be placed, does not appear.

Such arrangements are of little value unless they aid us to know our poet better. We may recognize him as a poet of the second or third order, and yet be without that fulness of knowledge of him that is the thing one wants to gain from his works. To this end is directed Professor Stanley's consideration of Tennyson's personality and his poetic theme. As to the first of these points, few would probably maintain that Tennyson was "a man of the noblest character, brightest intellect, and most powerful emotions." Not many poets are. Byron is lacking in nobility of character, Shelley in brightness of intellect, and Chaucer in power of emotions. But Tennyson's character is such that, in Professor Stanley's words, "He sees Nature and Man transfigured"; and probably herein is he more a true poet than he might have been had he excelled in other ways. Though the poet of the highest rank should be the greatest soul, we may be content with poets who must come afterward if they are of most poetic soul.

Nor can one quite agree with Professor Stanley as to the nobility of Tennyson's themes, nor with his remarks as to Tennyson's treatment of them. Death and Immortality, the relation of Woman to Man, the war of Sense with Soul,—these are all noble themes, quite as noble as "our industrial, democratic, scientific civilization." Of course, however, the theme alone is not the great thing. Pope's choice of theme in the "Essay on Man" does not at once give him standing as a great poet, nor does Keats's choice of theme in "Lamia" deprive him of such standing. The treatment is the more important thing. And here it may be doubted if the "Idylls" are rightly characterized when they are called translations or interpretations,—indeed, even when they are spoken of as "graceful, elegant archaism"; or if "In Memoriam" is wholly accounted for when called "a fragmentary diary of private grief."

I must own, too, that I do not feel that a single word is enough for Tennyson's technique (I should prefer the word art), whatever it may be well to say of his bulk of

production. Mastery of form is what makes a man a poet. If he have not this mastery, to some extent at least, he may be a poetic soul, as we call it, but he will write no poetry and so be no poet. Poetic form alone cannot place a man at once in the first rank of poets. Nor can it atone even for serious defect in personality and creative powers, and that because no one seriously defective in personality and creative power can ever by any means be a master of poetic form. Tennyson's mastery of form is not merely that of an "artistic versifier." It is something more: it is part and parcel of that kind of personality and that kind of creative power which Tennyson possessed, and by virtue of which he became the great poet that he is.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

State University of Iowa, Feb. 7, 1893.

A WORD WITH TENNYSON DISSENTERS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Unsupported assertion is not criticism; neither is picturesque and eloquent expression of infectious personal enthusiasm. But the critic who wishes to obtain a hearing must be made of stern stuff to eschew them. Perhaps your readers will give a moment's attention to a few simple considerations in support of the conviction that Tennyson ranks second or third on the roll of English poets in respect to the total value of his work, and at least third or fourth in respect of native poetic genius. He undoubtedly has the suffrages of the majority of cultivated lovers of poetry, as well as of the majority of the distinguished literary men of the century. This is a fact which would admit of easy demonstration were it worth while to occupy the space. The dissenters, speaking generally, protest in the name of Shelley and Swinburne, of Wordsworth and of Browning. But these partial preferences, this failure of many estimable minor critics to love the highest when they see it, is not infrequently due to some doctrinal limitation or one-sidedness of thought, some lack of catholic historic culture, some defect in genuine poetic sensibility. The adherents of Shelley and Swinburne—exquisite singers but unsound critics of life—are intoxicated by the intense inanity of vague humanitarian declamations or captivated by the new music of English anapaests. They are logically bound to maintain that rhetorical denunciation of kings, priests, and statesmen, and dithyrambic anticipations of the golden age that will ensue upon their suppression, constitute a saner social and political philosophy than Tennyson's temperate, progressive, yet conservative idealization of the noblest elements of modern English life. They must avow frankly their faith that there is more religious and philosophic truth in "Queen Mab," "Hertha," and the "Hymn to Man," than in "The Higher Pantheism," "In Memoriam," "The Ancient Sage," and "Lines by an Evolutionist." They must affirm that it is aesthetically desirable to purchase unfamiliar if exquisite rhythmic effects at the cost of wearisome tautology and voluble periphrasis. These are positions which it is not easy to defend. The partisans of Wordsworth merit a more sympathetic answer. They are battling for a religion—Wordsworth's religion of Nature, in which minds as diverse as John Stuart Mill and Matthew Arnold have found spiritual sustenance. For the sake of the few supreme texts of this religion they ignore Wordsworth's intellectual limitations, his moral priggishness, and the crudeness or grotesqueness of so much of his work. To them one can only say reluctantly but firmly, with John

Morley, that this religion is not true. We quote their own standard-bearer against them: "Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken from half of human fate." In delicate observation and exquisite portrayal of natural beauty, Tennyson has surpassed his teacher. If he does not offer us the consolatory philosophy of "Tintern Abbey," it is because that philosophy is not true, is no longer credible to thoughtful men. Tears, idle tears, the reflections of the hero of "Maud" in the little grove where "The mayfly is torn by the swallow, the sparrow speared by the shriek," the anxious question—

"Are God and Nature then at strife
That Nature lends such evil dreams?"

—these are the thoughts of the reader of Mill's essay on Nature, of the contemporaries of Darwin when looking on the happy autumn fields.

With the convinced advocates of Browning's claim to the highest place, an understanding is impossible. Browning is a great writer. But what perhaps a majority of his devotees chiefly admire in him is the slangy vehemence with which he detaches and emphasizes ideas that fail to stimulate their attention when expressed in quiet artistic English. They deliberately prefer "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world," to

"And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space
In the deep night that all is well."

Their souls are strengthened by the virile if cacophonous optimism of

"All the same of absolute
And irretrievable black—black's soul of black—
Beyond white's power to disintensify,
Of that I saw no sample. Such may wreck
My life and ruin my philosophy
To-morrow doubtless."

But they remain cold to the "elegant virtuoso" who writes

"Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

"You that way and we this" is the last word in this matter of critics whose taste has been formed by Homer, Sophocles, Tennyson, and Virgil. Yet the Tennysonian may safely challenge the production from the writings of the competitors for the throne of modern poetry, if one sane and suggestive ethical or religious idea cannot be found better expressed in Tennyson.

There is no space in conclusion to do more than hint at the qualities in Tennyson's own work that justify the existing preference for him of the majority of true lovers of poetry. These do not deem deficient in warmth and strength of genuine human feeling the writer of "Break, break, break," "Tears, idle tears," "Love and Duty," Arthur's last words to Guinevere, "Rizpah," "Owd Roß," and "In the Children's Hospital." They do not prefer the "revelations of personality" in "Childe Harold" or "Epipsychidion" to that found in the dedications of the "Idylls," of "In Memoriam," of "Tiresias," in "The Ancient Sage," or in "Crossing the Bar." "In Memoriam," to those who are "cocksure" of atheism or of each and every one of the thirty-nine articles or the five points, may be only "the fragmentary diary of a private grief." It is something more

to the many thoughtful men and women whom the spiritual unrest of the age has compelled to lead a life of hope diversified by doubt. Sympathetic readers find in the "Idylls of the King" what Tennyson explicitly declared he intended to put there: the legend of the human soul and its powers. They are not sure that even "The Princess" has a more unreal and fantastic theme than "The Fairy Queen" or "Paradise Lost," a less noble theme than "Don Juan" or "The Cenci." The large ideas of scientific and industrial progress that have widened the thoughts of men in this century; the partial failure of these ideas during the last three decades to satisfy our legitimate social aspirations; winds of doctrine and gusts of feeling that shake our souls in the wreck of ancient faiths; the finer modern feeling for the subtler aspects of the beautiful in nature; the more penetrating scholarship and the sympathetic historic insight that have enabled us to enter into full possession of our rich heritage as heirs of all the literatures and all the arts of the centuries behind us,—these are the dominant thoughts of the cultivated modern man. In the varied and vigorous expression of each and every one of these ideas, Tennyson, by citation of chapter and verse, can easily be proved supreme. But, true to his poet's mission as prophet of the beautiful, he has never permitted himself to be hurried into impatient, grotesque, or intemperate expression of them. He gives us more meaning to the line than any other English poet except Shakespeare; but he himself said that he would almost rather sacrifice a meaning than allow two s's to come together. This is his condemnation in the eyes of those students of literature who in their inmost souls care nothing for distinctive poetic beauty—who have never apprehended the full ethical and æsthetic significance of Keats's saying that beauty is truth, truth beauty, and who are not aware that only by self-abnegating consecration to the beautiful can the poet attain to the Platonic unity of "the good, the beautiful, and the true."

PAUL SHOREY.

The University of Chicago, Feb. 4, 1893.

THE "TRANSCENDENTALIST" DIAL IN 1843.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Great and truly marvellous have been, within the last fifty years, the changes in the feelings and the mental attitudes of intelligent men toward the group of New Englanders then called "transcendentalists." Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Wm. H. Channing, these were the objects of sneers, jests, and contempt; and those who with these took interest in the Brook-Farm experiment, George Ripley, Park Godwin, George William Curtis, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, to name no more, had their share of the obloquy. Now all place two of these names among the greatest of the creators of American literature, and all of them are mentioned with respect, at least,—even unpractical, dreamy, "Orphic" Alcott. To be sure, some of them did fall within the depreciative description given by one of the solid State Street merchants: "Mr. — is one of those men that have sallies into the infinite, and divings into the unfathomable, and soarings toward the unattainable, but never have ready cash."

Half a century ago appeared the first number of "The New Englander," that of January, 1843. It opens with a chapter of "Prolegomena," from the pen, it was said, of the witty Leonard Bacon, an eminent clergyman of the more liberal party of the orthodox of New England, afterward an editor of "The Independ-

ent." He was forty years of age when he wrote the article. It gave the reasons for the establishment of the new periodical. In five pages he notices the existing reviews and magazines with which the new-comer must be more or less a competitor. The "North American" received a few cool compliments; O'Sullivan's "Democratic Review" was commended with an overbalancing weight of dispraise; "The Southern Review" was briefly treated with courtesy, but with hostility to its advocacy of the perpetuity of slavery; the "Christian Examiner" was recognized as the scholarly and dignified exponent of Unitarianism. Upon the "Biblical Repertory and Princeton Review," which had lately absorbed the "Literary and Theological Review," he advanced with spear and sword, using the polished satire in which he excelled.

There was left one quarterly, and only one, to be noticed or passed in silent contempt. He could not forbear the thrust; and this is his treatment of "The Dial" and its writers:

"Shall we say anything here of the 'Dial'? the 'Dial,' with the mystic symbols on its face, looking up not to the sun, but to the everlasting fog in which it has its being? Who reads the 'Dial' for any other purpose than to laugh at its baby poetry, or at the solemn fooleries of its misty prose? Yet the 'Dial' is worth adverting to in this connection, not because of any influence which it is actually exerting or which it is likely to exert, but because it is in itself one of the symptoms or manifestations of a morbid influence widely diffused, which may by and by manifest itself with greater power and with disastrous results. Who does not see in the literature of the day many traces of such an influence? Not all the worshippers of Goethe, not all who bow down before Carlyle, are so moonstruck as to assist in editing the 'Dial.' Many there are, who, having sense enough to attend to ordinary business, are the conductors through which this influence is diffusing itself among the uninitiated."

As a reader of "The Dial" and of "The New Englander" at that time, I confess that I enjoyed this abuse hugely; it was so hearty, and yet with such an entire failure of appreciation of what he was belaboring, that I laughed at it and transcribed it into my note-book. I have wondered what change came over Dr. Bacon's judgment of the authors of the "baby poetry" and of "the solemn fooleries of its misty prose" during the next forty years of his life. He died in 1881, by which time the editors and writers of "The Dial" had won high reputation and great influence. Was he reconciled to the inevitable? Or did he regard it as a fulfilling of the solemn vaticination which followed what we have quoted?—

"The infidelity of the last age was, for the most part, materialism which knew nothing and believed nothing but what is reported by the outward senses. The infidelity with which the coming age is threatened is the infidelity of a self-styled spiritualism, which believes nothing that is true and substantial, for the reason that under the pretense of seeing through this outward show of things it believes everything that is unsubstantial, untrue, and absurd. That this mystical infidelity is likely to be in any way less fanatical or mischievous than that which in France adored the goddess of Reason, no man acquainted with history or with human nature will easily admit."

As THE DIAL of to-day marks the hours, let it show how the shadows of half a century have rolled away.

Chicago, January 24, 1893.

SAMUEL WILLARD.

The New Books.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.*

"The whirligig of time brings in his revenges," and his equities, too, in a measure. Real worth, like youth, will be served; and the genius whose life has been a tale of neglect, finds his account, truly in a somewhat dubious fashion, after death has shut his ears to the coveted plaudits and his pockets to the sorely-missed shillings. The tale of literary merit tardily appreciated is a pretty full one; and there is something pathetic enough in the general eagerness to pay these lapsed debts of gratitude and appreciation, after the tired suitor has closed his accounts forever, and (reversing the usual process) has put himself out of reach of his debtors. Usually, we seek to amend our past neglect by offering double what is due—an arrangement which, however soothing to us, has the manifest drawback of being, so far as we know, quite indifferent to the creditor. He, at least, "sleeps well"; and it is good to reflect that death, in intrenching him against further slings and arrows of fortune, has probably secured him against the perils of adulation also.

The writer whose name heads our article has had a pretty liberal share of this belated appreciation. His vogue has almost reached the degree of a cult; and assuredly if flattery can soothe the dull, cold ear of Richard Jefferies, he must long since have heartily forgiven the slights he suffered in the flesh. His books are read and multiplied, though still not so widely as they deserve; his fugitive pieces are being thriftily turned to account; brother authors (relieved of his rivalry) have vied in pointing out the singular fact that he was, in his narrow province, a quite unique figure in English letters. Since the appearance in 1888 of Mr. Besant's hearty and eloquent if somewhat overcharged "Eulogy," Jefferies reprints have fallen pretty thick; and the publishers, pardonably anxious to make hay while the sun of popularity shines, are still gathering into volumes the stray leaves and scraps of his writings. Mr. Besant's *Life* was largely a labor of love, an expression of gratitude, an effort to call attention to a man of desert and achievement, and to secure to his family that substantial reward for which he had battled in vain, and which they were sorely in need of.

*THE TOILERS OF THE FIELD. By Richard Jefferies. With portrait. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Such adventures are not without honor. Naturally, criticism, "candid and cool," has in due time fallen foul of Mr. Besant's panegyrics; and the kindly biographer has been charged with trowelling on colors with the palette-knife, where a modest glaze would have sufficed. Be that as it may. The "Eulogy" (a very charming book, by the way, and one sprinkled with enough extracts from Jefferies to make it a moderate anthology), served its end handsomely; and the recording angel, in registering Mr. Besant's generous over-statements, will doubtless, as on a memorable occasion, be equal to the emergency.

Much of Jefferies's best work was brought out (and, we may add, was generously encouraged) by Messrs. Longmans & Co., who now add to their list of reprints "The Toilers of the Field." The first and larger part of the volume consists of papers on agricultural life—"The Farmer at Home," "Field-faring Women," "John Smith's Shanty," "The True Tale of the Wiltshire Laborer," etc.,—which will be new to the majority of Jefferies's readers; while the papers in Part II.,—"The Coming of Summer," "The Golden Crested Wren," etc.,—are mostly in his familiar vein. We may say at once that that volume, judged as literature, does not show Jefferies at his best. The sketches in Part II. are relatively slight, while the farming papers, though they are like all Jefferies's work, brimful of facts, date from his early reporting days, before he had felt his way to his true material or mastered the craft of handling it. This said, it remains to add that the volume, while secondary in point of charm, is important as showing a stage in the author's growth.

For American readers it has, too, aside from the question of personal or literary value, an element of decided interest. We do not remember to have seen elsewhere so terse, matterful, deliberately, one may say pitilessly, literal a presentment of the condition of the English agricultural population. Jefferies was a recognized authority on this point. He knew more about farming, thinks Mr. Besant,—that is to say farming in his own part of the country,—than any other man who could wield a pen. He had his facts at his fingers' ends, and he stuck to his facts with a fidelity that Mr. Gradgrind himself might have envied. In short, we may take him as a quite unimpeachable witness; and, an Englishman writing of Englishmen, he has given an unglossed picture of rural manners and morals that for general ugliness

is scarcely matched in "*La Terre*." In such papers, for instance, as "*Field-faring Women*" and "*The Wiltshire Laborer*," we on this side of the water may find at hand a magazine of extremely hot shot (of the dubious *tu quoque* order, to be sure) to pour into the ranks of British censors of "American barbarism." There is one curious thing about these agricultural papers that American readers will scarcely fail to note. The people of whom Jefferies writes are within three hours or so of London, almost under the nose, as it were, of the "*Saturday Review*"; and yet his tone throughout is that of a man describing the natives, say, of Thibet or upper Greenland. This is, from several points of view, suggestive. Take the following description of the laborers' cottages, for instance:

"Those he builds himself are, indeed, as a rule, miserable huts, disgraceful to a christian country. I have an instance before me at this moment where a man built a cottage with two rooms and no staircase or upper apartments, and in those two rooms eight persons lived and slept—himself and wife, grown-up daughters, and children. There was not a scrap of garden attached, not enough to grow half-a-dozen onions. The refuse and sewage was flung into the road, or filtered down a ditch into the brook which supplied that part of the village with water. In another case at one time there was a cottage in which twelve persons lived. This had upper apartments, but so low was the ceiling that a tall man could stand on the floor, with his head right through the opening for the staircase, and see along the upper floor under the beds."

Touching the *cuisine* in these abodes, the author observes, after a tender retrospect of a savory dinner he once enjoyed in a French peasant's cottage in Picardy:

"To dine in an English laborer's cottage would be impossible. His bread is generally good, certainly; but his bacon is the cheapest he can buy at small second-class shops—oily, soft, wretched stuff; his vegetables are cooked in detestable style, and eaten saturated with pot liquor. Pot liquor is the favorite soup. I have known cottagers actually apply at farmer's kitchens not only for the pot liquor in which meat has been soddened, but for the water in which potatoes have been boiled—potato liquor—and sup it up with avidity."

As to the moral condition of the people,—

"If a little may be said in favor of the girls, not a word can be said in favor of the agricultural men, who are immoral almost without exception, and will remain so until a better-educated generation with more self-respect arises. The number of poor girls, from fifteen to five-and-twenty, in agricultural parishes who have illegitimate offspring is extremely large, and is illustrated by the fact that, out of the marriages that take place—and agricultural poor are a marrying class—scarcely any occur until the condition of the girl is too manifest to be longer concealed. Instances could be mentioned where the clergyman's wife, with a view to check the

immorality round her, has offered a reward of a piece of furniture to the first married woman who does not bear a child till nine months after marriage; the custom being within three months. . . . The girl who has had an illegitimate child is thought very little the worse of by her friends and her own class, especially if her seducer is a man who can afford to pay for it—that is the grand point. If she is fool enough to yield to a man who is badly off, she may be jeered at as a fool, but rarely reprimanded as a sinner, not even by her own mother."

A German author once reckoned "wife-beating" among the standard pastimes of the English lower classes. We have always held this to be a case of hasty generalization—like that of the Frenchman who, meeting two red-haired women shortly after he had landed at Dover, promptly wrote in his note-book: "English women, as a rule, have red hair." The following statements of our author, however, seem to bear out the observant German. The comparatively fortunate wife of the Wiltshire laborer does not, he says,—

"Get her shins smashed with heavy kicks from hob-nailed boots such as the Lancashire ruffians administer; but, although serious wife-beating cases are infrequent, there are few women who escape an occasional blow from their husbands. Most of them get a moderate amount of thrashing in the course of their lives, and take it much as they take the hardships and poverty of their condition, as a necessity not to be escaped."

The impression one gets from these sketches of Jefferies is of a people hopelessly soddened and dull, stupefied to the misery of their lot, and with no thought of getting out of it; at all points "a lower class brutalized." There would seem to be, in the life of the English agricultural laborers, absolutely no poetry, no color, certainly nothing of the pastoral prettiness and charm conventionally belonging to the peasant condition. Shenstone and Ambrose Phillips, the poets of the pipe and the crook, would have found scant inspiration in the tale of Wiltshire Corydon and his Phyllis. Even their marriages, says Jefferies, are "sober, dull, tame, clumsy, and colorless":

"I say sober in the sense of tint, for to get drunk appears to be the one social pleasure of the marriage-day. They, of course, walk to the church; but then that walk usually leads across fields full of all the beauties of the spring or the summer. There is nothing in the walk itself to flatten down the occasion. But the procession is so dull—so utterly ungenial—a stranger might pass it without guessing that a wedding was toward. Except a few rude jests; except that there is an attempt to walk arm-in-arm (it is only an attempt, for they forget to allow for each other's motions); except the Sunday dresses, utterly devoid in taste, what is there to distinguish this day from the rest? There is the drunken carousal, it is true, all the afternoon and evening."

The whole pathetic history of Wiltshire "Hodge" (who is a shade better off than Dorsetshire "Hodge," and fairly typical of English "Hodge" in general) is compressed, however, in the following scrap of dialogue from "Fieldfaring Women":

"The fact that a fresh being has entered upon life, with all its glorious possibilities, is not a subject for joy. 'Well, John,' says the farmer to his man, 'your wife has been confined, hasn't she? How's the young one?' 'Aw, sir, a' be main weak and pickèd, an' like to go back—thank God!' replies the laborer with intense satisfaction, especially if he has two or three children already. 'Pickèd' means thin, sharp-featured, wasted, emaciated. 'To go back' is to die. The man does not like to say 'die,' therefore he puts it 'to go back'—i. e., whence it came; from the unknown."

It is curious enough to find a vague Platonic notion of human pre-existence floating foggily in the brain of the Wiltshire clown; not so curious to find that he arrives perforce, and without the aid of logic, at a final answer to Schopenhauer's question, "If children were brought into the world by an act of pure reason alone, would not the human race cease to exist"?

In view of the facts brought out by our author, it certainly seems a little unreasonable in our transatlantic censors to harp so persistently on "American barbarism." A leading London journal, for instance, whose especial pride it is to gird at us on this score, recently concluded, after a very scanty induction, that the bulk of Americans are "barbarous." Even Mr. Kipling rails at our manners in good set terms, and points an infinitesimal finger of scorn at a nation of sixty million people. Certainly, the American reader of Jefferies's account of these hapless English "Toilers of the Field" will readily see that they are worse off, mentally, morally, and economically, than any large class whatever of his own countrymen. Perhaps, instead of thanking his own fortune, he will be tempted into ill-natured reprisals on his critics—though, after all, these too common international bandyings of reproach are sorry matters at best. Each of us lives in his own glass house, and would be better employed in sweeping and garnishing the same, than in stone-throwing. America has her local outbreaks of lawlessness, her lynchings, affrays, and Pinkerton-inflamed mobs; England has her "Pall Mall Gazette" "exposures" and still viler unspeakabilities, her squalid farm-laborers "immoral almost without exception," and a prospective sovereign who goes about with a gambling "outfit" in his luggage; France has

lately shown herself to be no better than her neighbors; and in short, the world over, as kindly David Hume said, "the greatest part of mankind float betwixt vice and virtue."

It is pleasant to believe that each and every item of evil in the world is, at least, precisely balanced by its correlative item of good.

It is not, however, as a writer on agricultural topics that Richard Jefferies will live. It was not the face of man that he knew best to limn. Nature was his mistress; and he has sketched her in all her moods and caprices, in all her works and ways—her flowers and fields, her teeming coppices and hedge-rows, her wild creatures of brake and stream—with a patience of observation, a Denner-like minuteness of detail, unmatched in literature. Nature has had many interpreters greater than he: men who, like Wordsworth, have sought her as an oracle, hoping to catch amid her thousand voices some chance whisper of the "still, sad music of humanity"; she has had no one who has sought her out and studied her more ardently for her own sake. There have been varying estimates of Jefferies, but no one has questioned his prime quality of truth. At the worst, he has been charged with "cataloguing," and the charge is, under qualification, a just one. Much of his earlier work is the mere transcript of his note-books, recorded series of unlinked sense-impressions—"cataloguing," if you will. But the items in the list! How sweet and fresh, how wonderfully new they are, and how deliciously full of the scents and essences of summer greenery! There is material enough packed in one of Jefferies's early papers to furnish out handsomely a whole race of pastoral Denhams and Thomsons with their "purling streams" and "nodding groves." Here is a fair specimen of his "cataloguing":

"In the watery places the sedges send up their dark flowers, dusted with light yellow pollen, rising above the triangular stem with its narrow, ribbed leaf. The reed-sparrow or bunting sits upon the spray over the ditch with its carex grass and rushes; he is a graceful bird, with a crown of glossy black. Hops climb the ash and hang their clusters, which impart an aromatic scent to the hand that plucks them; broad burdock leaves, which the mouchers put on the top of their baskets to shield their freshly gathered watercresses from the sunshine; creeping avens, with buttercup-like flowers and long stems that straggle across the ditch, and in autumn are tipped with a small ball of soft spines; mints, strong-scented and unmistakable; yarrow, white and sometimes a little lilac, whose flower is perhaps almost the last that the bee visits . . ."

There is a quotation (furnished by Mr. Besant) from Jefferies's last article, dictated

when he knew death was at hand, and after five hopeless years of suffering and confinement, that conveys more plainly than description the tenor of his life and the pathos of his end.

"I wonder to myself how they can all get on without me; how they manage, bird and flower, without me, to keep the calendar for them. For I noted it so carefully and lovingly day by day. . . . They go on without me, orchis-flower and cowslip. I cannot number them all. I hear, as it were, the patter of their feet—flowers and buds, and the beautiful clouds that go over, with the sweet rush of rain and burst of sun glory among the leafy trees. They go on, and I am no more than the least of the empty shells that strew the sward of that hill."

Yes, he is more. There are certain essays and detached passages in the writings of Richard Jefferies that will rank with the English classics.

E. G. J.

MR. STEDMAN ON THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY.*

"The origin and nature of poetry are subjects on which it is easy to say a great deal, but hard to say anything definite or satisfactory." So wrote Professor Gummere in his little "Handbook of Poetics" more than eight years ago. The statement finds rather unexpected confirmation in this latest book of Mr. E. C. Stedman, "The Nature and Elements of Poetry." The title promises much. One reads it and says to himself, "Good! we have done with *Ars Poetica*—the day of *Scientia Poetica* is at hand." But one finishes the book in a less sanguine mood. Perhaps the author is not to be blamed because we promise ourselves too much. The field is new, the attempt to break ground hazardous,—one's ploughshare must needs be bright and strong. Still, we read in the Introduction such sentences as these:

"No work can henceforth be an addition to the literature of the subject, which fails to recognize the obligation of treating it upon scientific lines. . . . If there is anything novel in this treatise,—anything like construction,—it is the result of an impulse to confront the scientific nature and methods of the thing discussed. Reflecting upon its historic and continuous potency in many phases of life, upon its office as a vehicle of spiritual expression, I have seen that it is only a specific manifestation of that all-pervading force, of which each one possesses a share at his control, and which communicates the feeling and thought of the human soul to its fellows. Thus I am moved to perceive that for its

* THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. A series of lectures delivered in 1891 as the initial course of the Percy Turnbull Memorial Lectureship of Poetry at Johns Hopkins University. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

activity it depends, like all other arts, upon Vibrations,—upon ethereal waves conveying impressions of vision and sound to mortal senses, and so to the immortal consciousness whereto those senses minister."

We very naturally feel some disappointment at finding comparatively little of all this in the pages that follow. It is true, we find poetry spoken of as a "vibratory force" again and again, but always with some ill-concealed reluctance on the author's part, as if it were a departure from the main design and a concession to the necessity of giving a "scientific" color to the work. This grave fault we have to find with Mr. Stedman's whole discussion: that he fails to deal frankly and fearlessly (confidently, he could not) with problems which lie at the very root of the matter—problems which he clearly recognizes and even professes to attack.

If, however, we turn to a consideration of what has been done, we shall find no dearth of actual accomplishment. We know Mr. Stedman of old, and we know that he writes out of an abundance of that which is gracious, helpful, and inspiring, as well as original and critical. The present book is all of these. After all, "Poetry is not a science, yet a scientific comprehension of any art is possible and essential." And Mr. Stedman, notwithstanding the sentences just quoted from his Introduction, clearly disclaims all intention of giving a distinctly didactic treatise. If we take up the book in this spirit and read it, not once, but twice,—it must be read twice,—it will yield much.

For treating the theme in this spirit, the way is paved in the first lecture, by inquiring whether poetry may be placed by the side of other objects and processes which afford legitimate ground for strictly scientific research.

"Can we take up poetry as a botanist takes up a flower, and analyze its components? Can we make visible the ichor of its protoplasm, and recognize a something that imparts to it transcendence, the spirit of the poet within his uttered work?"

Modern poets have averred that poetry is "the antithesis to science." What does this mean?

"The poet has two functions, one directly opposed to that of the scientist, and avoided by him, while of the other the scientist is not always master. The first is that of treating nature and life as they *seem*, rather than as they are; of depicting phenomena, which often are not actualities. I refer to physical actualities, of which the investigator gives the scientific facts, the poet the *semblances* known to eye, ear, and touch. The poet's other function is the exercise of an insight which pierces to spiritual actualities, to the meaning of phenomena, and to the relations of all this scientific knowledge."

So far goes Mr. Stedman. If we grant all this, — and we may be quite willing to grant it,—

we are ready at once to moderate our expectations in regard to both the definiteness and the definitiveness of the exposition to follow; we are ready to begin by saying with him:

"The poet's province is, and ever must be, the expression of the manner in which revealed truths, and truths as yet unseen but guessed and felt by him, affect the emotions and thus sway man's soul. . . . Insight and spiritual feeling will continue to precede discovery and sensation. In their footprints the investigator must advance for his next truth, and at the moment of his advance become one with the poet."

In the face of this it is confessedly difficult to essay, what nevertheless the author finds it incumbent upon him to essay, a definition of poetry, of poetic utterance, which "may become of record,—a definition both defensible and inclusive, yet compressed into a single phrase." The phrase is:

"Poetry is rhythmical, imaginative language, expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion, and insight of the human soul."

That may be defensible; it certainly looks as if it might be inclusive. And yet it awakens distrust precisely because we cannot at once grasp it. It takes our breath. We feel that we shall have to study it a long time, and perhaps even then resort to the author's elucidation, before we can rest assured that he has omitted nothing. Can that be a good working definition which has itself been so laboriously worked out? If the matter cannot be reduced to terms that are not only comprehensive but also readily comprehensible, is the reduction worth while? Had we not better fall back upon Arnold's "criticism of life," or Wordsworth's "breath and finer spirit of all knowledge"? Mr. Stedman's definition is not likely to become of record. Even if no fault be found with its content, it is too unquotable in form. Unfortunately, we cannot stop here to discuss that content. The second lecture is devoted to its discussion, and to the provinces and limitations of the arts in general. Mr. Stedman brings to the treatment his enviable refinement of feeling for all artistic effects.

Briefly surveying the field in extension, the author gives two lectures to the two great divisions of poetry, objective and subjective,—or, as he prefers to call them, poetry of creation and poetry of self-expression. The former is found prevailing in the "primitive and heroic song" of the "intuitive pagans." The latter is a characteristic note of the poets of Christendom, whose muse is Dürer's "Melencolia." Then follows a consideration of the pure attributes which qualify this art. Beauty

comes first, with a full discussion of the æsthetic in art. Truth is hardly separable from this, for beauty is the natural quality of all things.

"If all natural things make for beauty,—if the statement is well founded that they are as beautiful as they can be under their conditions,—then truth and beauty, in the last reduction, are equivalent terms, and beauty is the unveiled shining countenance of truth."

But the truth must be complete, no half-truth. The merely didactic, in the usual sense of that word, is thus excluded. "Pedagogic formulas of truth do not convey its essence." The soul of truth "is found in the relations of things to the universal, and its correct expression is beautiful and inspiring." So true realism is not a catalogue of facts. Facts are "the stones heaped about the mouth of the well in whose depth truth reflects the sky."

Follow in order Imagination and Passion. For the understanding of the term "passion," compare the word "impassioned." "Poetry does not seem to me very great, very forceful, unless it is either imaginative or impassioned, or both; and in sooth, if it is the one, it is very apt to be the other." With Shakespeare's oracle upon the imaginative faculty, we hardly need more. Still, Mr. Stedman's words are illuminating. Besides, much of his treatise is designedly elementary, and the poetic imagination must be differentiated from the practical and from fancy. It is "a faculty of conceiving things according to their actualities or possibilities,—that is, as they are or may be; of conceiving them clearly; of seeing with the eyes closed, and hearing with the ears sealed, and vividly feeling, things which exist only through the will of the artist's genius." As for passion, "Poetic passion is intensity of emotion." But "the emotion must be unaffected and ideal." This too is elementary.

Lastly comes the Faculty Divine, "operative through insight, genius, inspiration, and consecrated by the minstrel's faith in law and his sense of a charge laid upon him." The essence of this lecture lies in Mr. Stedman's conviction that the poet is not necessarily the child of his period, that there is "historic evidence that now and then 'God lets loose a man in the world.'" It affords him opportunity to discourse upon the tempting subjects enumerated above, and in conclusion to give expression to the feeling that he has "merely touched upon an inexhaustible theme."

Let us admit the book is not didactic. To Mr. Stedman that would be praise. We are

sorry to add that it is frequently obscure, not so much in phrase or sentence as in drift and connection, so that many parts must be re-read and pondered over in order to get even their surface meaning; and this in spite of the fact that it was written as a series of lectures and constantly professes to be elementary in design.

The redeeming features are many. There are passages which one will re-read for the pure delight of reading them, as well as for the unimpeachable truth of their content. Take, for example, the close of the lecture on *Beauty*, where Mr. Stedman's prose becomes fairly lyric as he descants upon the subtle charm that haloes for us all that is evanescent. In this book, too, as elsewhere, his optimism remains undismayed. Poetry still has a future, and shall forever have.

Much more that might be said in praise is rendered unnecessary by the public's familiarity with the author's previous work. For we have here the same breadth of learning, the same catholicity of taste and independence of judgment, that marked the "Victorian Poets" and the "Poets of America." And doubtless we shall turn to this book no less often in the future than we have turned to those in the past.

ALPHONSO G. NEWCOMER.

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THE INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER.*

In "The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire," Captain Mahan continues his general subject from the date closed by his preceding work, "The Influence of Sea Power upon History, 1660-1783." The probable further treatment of the subject is announced for subsequent volumes. This series fills an important place in historical literature. It is seldom that men of the sea deal equally well with professional subjects and with those broader philosophical principles that underlie all treatment of history. The skilful sailor is rarely the facile wielder of the pen. It is therefore a great pleasure to find Captain Mahan's professional knowledge of his subject equalled by a vigorous style, clear enunciation of principles, and broad treatment of authorities.

The period covered by these two volumes is an extremely interesting one—perhaps the most interesting one of modern times: the period

of the French Revolution and of the Empire. A preliminary sketch of the events from 1783 to 1793, and of the situation of European powers at that time, is first given; then follows an excellent account of the state of the navies of Europe, and especially of that of France. The author shows conclusively the reasons why the French navy proved totally inadequate to its purposes,—the inability to recognize the conditions of sea-service, the control of the navy being in the hands of soldiers and landmen who foolishly thought that the waves and winds would be on their side. Courage and audacity were thought the only necessary requirements in a naval commander, and to this idea the brave Villeneuve was sacrificed. The demoralizing effects of the ideas of social equality on an aristocratic service are shown by graphic accounts of occurrences during the early years of the period in question. Insubordination, mutiny, revolt, mob-law, anarchy, followed in rapid succession. Crews refused to sail when orders were issued, officers were attacked and insulted, and ships were seized by mutineers. The effects were immediate and disastrous, ending finally in the complete destruction of the French naval power. On one occasion, a British seventy-four-gun ship fought three French vessels, each of equal force to her own, for two hours, successfully; and at another time twelve French ships were not able to cope with five British ships. Legislation—so often the bane of the naval service—contributed further to destroy the efficiency of the marine, and it became almost impossible to man the ships. But at the same time the British navy suffered under a severe strain. It also passed through a period of mutinous riot, suffered under neglect, maladministration, and an odious press-system, and was compelled to contend with several powers at once. Yet the maritime spirit of the nation proved equal to the strain, and from this trial Great Britain arose mistress of the seas. Her great seamen—Jervis, Collingwood, Nelson, Howe, and Sanmaurez—won imperishable renown; and the battles by which they established the superiority of Great Britain at sea,—especially Ushant, St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar,—are ably and graphically delineated by Captain Mahan. Descriptions of these battles, as accurate and impartial as these, have perhaps never before been published. If any criticism is to be made, it is that he has perhaps relied too much upon James, the English naval historian, whose ver-

* THE INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER UPON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Capt. A. T. Mahan, U.S.N. In two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

acity is, however, generally called in question. No British or French account of these great battles is to be implicitly trusted, and we have now the first impartial history of them since the days of the lamented Ward.

Many lessons of importance to our own people may be drawn from the history of this period. Capt. Mahan shows in an admirable way the importance to both France and Great Britain of such outlying islands as Corsica, the Balearic Islands, and Malta, in a contest at sea. The island power in its effect upon sea-power as a determining factor in history, might well serve as a subject for a special treatise. Great Britain has not forgotten the lessons of experience; and Nassau, Jamaica, and the Bermudas are just as dangerous to us as these Mediterranean islands were to France when they served as bases of operations or as shelter for the fleets of Nelson and Collingwood.

As a result of the decline of her war-marine, and the decisive contests of this eventful period, France resolved, in 1795, to withdraw her fleets from the ocean, and to rely upon a different mode of warfare upon the sea—that of sending out single ships to destroy the commerce of the enemy. Much of the space in Captain Mahan's book is occupied with a description of this second great sea-struggle of the period. This developed into the Armed-Neutrality, the Orders in Council, and all that puzzling array of decrees concerning enemy's goods, contraband of war, neutral carriers, etc., which fill the pages of Kent, Bynkerschork, and Vattel, and other writers on international law. All these decrees had as their object the same end—the destruction of the commerce of Great Britain and her exclusion from the sea as a carrier. Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Italy, Spain, all came under the conquerors' control; but notwithstanding the enormous losses inflicted upon her marine, England finally conquered in this struggle to the death, and her marine has ever since been triumphant.

To a seaman, one of the most interesting chapters in Captain Mahan's book is that in which is portrayed the remarkable chase of Nelson after Villeneuve in the Atlantic, before Trafalgar. This chapter is accompanied by an excellent map. The graphic description of the chase, from the departure of Villeneuve from Toulon, until he anchored in Cadiz, August 22, 1805, forms sixty pages that read like the story of a piratical cruise or a sea-tale of phantom fleets chasing each other about the vast ocean.

Pitt is shown to be the leading agent in the

downfall of Napoleon; but another lesson is to be drawn from this important contribution to the history of the period. The great English statesman made no attempt at generalship by land or sea, but left those matters to men whose profession it was to fight. Napoleon, on the contrary, was ever prone to covet mastery by sea as well as on land, and imposed his generalship upon an element where no man may bear absolute rule. His army was imperilled in Egypt, his contemplated invasion of England thwarted by Trafalgar, his northern connection severed at Copenhagen, and finally he was overwhelmed with disaster consequent upon war with the mighty Czar, upon whose absolute power he tried to force his Continental system. What the course of history might have been, no man can say; but, rising from a perusal of Captain Mahan's volumes, we feel that the master of Europe fell before the Island Kingdom because of her possession of the empire of the sea. FLETCHER S. BASSETT, U.S.N.

WRITINGS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.*

Thomas Jefferson is, in many respects, the most interesting personage in American political history. His has been, and indeed still is, a name to conjure with, albeit the party he founded bears little resemblance to-day to his ideal. And yet this change is in keeping with his own career. The Jefferson literature is extensive, not taking into account what he himself wrote; which shows how widely his opinions and acts influenced his own and subsequent times. This literature embraces the comments and views of his contemporaries, the panegyrics of admirers and the invectives of enemies. To one class he is St. Thomas; to the other he is the author of all that is vicious in our political system. Jefferson was neither a saint nor a devil, and while not a great statesman he was the most influential party leader of modern times. A judicial estimate of his character and services has yet to be written. The publication of his complete writings was essential to a thorough analysis, and comes opportunely for historical students, who are already provided, through the enterprise of the Messrs. Putnam, with the work of his great contemporaries, Franklin, Washington, and Hamilton. He revered the former—who was al-

*THE WRITINGS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. Collected and Edited by Paul Leicester Ford. Vol. I.—1760-1775. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ready an old man when Jefferson entered upon his career — and was influenced by his trend of thought. He did not comprehend the lofty patriotism of Washington, and he hated Hamilton most cordially while fearing him. Similarly placed, Jefferson could not have done what cost Hamilton no effort in the winter of 1801.

The first volume of this new edition of Jefferson's writings gives promise of thorough and conscientious editorial work. Mr. Ford has very properly given precedence to the Autobiography and the *Anas*, as not allowing of chronological arrangement, and as serving admirably as Mr. Jefferson's own introduction to his correspondence, state papers, and other writings. He has also made a fair summary of the inconsistencies in that statesman's career, which have been injurious to his reputation and have involved his motives in mystery. Mr. Ford alleges that a survey of all of Jefferson's writings will show that no party or temporary advantage was the object of his endeavors, "but that he fought for the ever-enduring privilege of personal freedom." Or, phrasing Mr. Ford's idea differently — Mr. Jefferson sought party advantage solely to perpetuate the privilege of personal freedom. May this yet prove to have been the case; but meanwhile one is tempted to ask, How is it possible to reconcile so pure a motive and such an honorable ambition with the narrow partisan views, the rancor, the unworthy suspicion and the venomous hatred revealed in the *Anas* and the *Correspondence*? No such defects marred the characters of several of Jefferson's contemporaries, who did not believe in his political methods and doubted his sincerity. It is certain that Washington and Jay, for example, strenuously labored to promote the highest interests of mankind — one of which was the enjoyment of personal freedom; and yet one may search their writings in vain for a trace of that meanness of mind that attributes sinister motives to others and moves tongue and pen to utter libels against opponents. Could either of these patriots, could any man whose heart cherished a noble purpose, and was free from envy, suspicion, and hatred, have written such a paragraph as this, taken from the *Anas*? —

"1801. Feb. 14.—Gen'l Armstrong tells me that Gouveneur Morris, in conversation with him to-day on the scene which is passing, expressed himself thus: How comes it, says he, that Burr, who is 400 miles off (at Albany), has agents here at work with great activity, while Mr. Jefferson, who is on the spot, does nothing? This explains the ambiguous conduct of himself and his nephew Lewis Morris, and that they were hold-

ing themselves free for a prize; i. e., some office, either to the uncle or nephew."

On another occasion Jefferson was gossiping with one Colonel Hitchburn, who was giving him the characters of persons in Massachusetts. Speaking of John Lowell, he said he was in the beginning of the Revolution a timid Whig, but as soon as he found the cause was likely to prevail he became a great office-hunter. And then, drawing closer to Jefferson, he whispered in his ear a more damning revelation, which also smirched another distinguished New England Federalist. A Mr. Hale, "a reputable worthy man," who had become embarrassed, went to Canada to improve his fortunes, in which he speedily succeeded, and returned to Massachusetts, bearing in his hands a bag of money out of which he was commissioned by the Government of Canada to pay to a number of the virtuous citizens of that commonwealth from three to five thousand guineas each to befriend a good connection between England and it. Hale confided to Hitchburn that he had bribed four, and being an honorable as well as "a reputable worthy man" (the language quoted is Mr. Jefferson's) he proceeded to reveal their names, and invited Hitchburn to add his to theirs, which honor, of course, that worthy declined. Jefferson, being a good gossip, wanted to know the names of the four who accepted the bribe; but Hitchburn was wary and not inclined to give up all at once — he loved to be solicited. Two of the four were dead—Heaven assoilzie their souls! they could no further embarrass the party of Jefferson in this world,—and other two — well, he could not mention their names — at present. But Jefferson's instinct was unerring; he believed the surviving two to be the well-known Federalists, John Lowell and Stephen Higginson — names that resound in Massachusetts even to this day. He wanted this suspicion confirmed; and the next day, when Colonel Hitchburn returned to renew the gossip, Jefferson screwed the confirmation out of him in the manner following:

"Dec. 26.—In another conversation I mentioned to Colo. Hitchburn that tho' he had not named names, I had strongly suspected Higginson to be one of Hale's men. He smiled, and said if I had strongly suspected any man wrongfully from his information, he would undeceive me; that there were no persons he thought more strongly to be suspected himself than Higginson and Lowell. I considered this as saying they were the men. Higginson is employed in an important business about our navy."

It would be interesting, and would help the historian to estimate the character of Thomas Jefferson, to know if the trenchant pen of "A New

England Farmer," so busily employed in the days when President and Ex-President Jefferson was sorely troubled, moved the author of the *Anas* in his retirement, when his blood was cool, to insert these names in the Hitchburn anecdote.

We confess that many such passages render it difficult to accept Mr. Ford's optimistic view before the evidence he has promised is presented. One must challenge, at the outset, the remark of the editor that "in some subtle way the people understood Jefferson." That depends upon an important fact which the future historian is expected to determine: whether the people have ever been permitted to see the real Jefferson.

But whatever Jefferson's defects of character, it may justly be said that he did much work of great and lasting benefit to his country. If he had accomplished nothing more than effecting a change from the aristocratic tendencies of the closing years of the eighteenth century to that simplicity consistent with the principles of a republic, he would have been entitled to the gratitude of the American people.

We are tempted to refer to one subject out of many, concerning which there is much controversy,—namely, Jefferson's partiality for the French people, which grew to be a party bias,—for the opportunity it offers to quote a charming passage from his *Autobiography*, as illustrating his philosophical bent and giving evidence of the sentiment of gratitude. It follows his account of the upheaval in France:

"Here I discontinue my relation of the French Revolution. The minuteness with which I have so far given its details is disproportioned to the general scale of my narrative. But I have thought it justified by the interest which the whole world must take in this revolution. As yet we are but in the first chapter of its history. The appeal to the rights of man, which had been made in the United States, was taken up by France first of the European nations. From her the spirit has spread over those of the South. The tyrants of the North have allied indeed against it, but it is irresistible. Their opposition will only multiply its millions of human victims; their own satellites will catch it, and the condition of man thro' the civilized world will be finally and greatly ameliorated. This is a wonderful instance of great events from small causes. So inscrutable is the arrangement of causes and consequences in this world, that a two-penny duty on tea, unjustly imposed in a sequestered part of it, changes the condition of all its inhabitants. I have been more minute in relating the early transactions of this regeneration, because I was in circumstances peculiarly favorable for a knowledge of the truth. Possessing the confidence and intimacy of the leading patriots, and more than all of the Marquis Fayette, their head and Atlas, who had no secrets from me, I learnt with correctness the views and proceedings of that party; while my intercourse with the diplomatic missionaries of Eu-

rope in Paris, all of them with the court and eager in prying into its councils and proceedings, gave me a knowledge of these also.

"And here I cannot leave this great and good country without expressing my sense of its preëminence of character among the nations of the earth. A more benevolent people I have never known, nor greater warmth and devotedness in their select friendships. Their kindness and accommodation to strangers is unparalleled, and the hospitality of Paris is beyond anything I had conceived to be practicable in a large city. Their eminence too in science, the communicative dispositions of their scientific men, the politeness of the general manners, the ease and vivacity of their conversation, give a charm to their society to be found nowhere else. In a comparison of this with other countries, we have the proof of primacy which was given to Themistocles after the battle of Salamis. Every general voted to himself the first reward of valor, and the second to Themistocles. Go ask the travelled inhabitant of any nation, In what country on earth would you rather live? Certainly in my own, where are all my friends, my relations, and the earliest and sweetest affections and recollections of my life. Which would be your second choice? France."

Mr. Jefferson's bias was an amiable one, as it involved a recognition of the warmth of sentiment exhibited by the French people towards the American people during our struggle for freedom. This feeling entered into his party management when he was in opposition, and into his direction of official affairs when he had the responsibility. In the nature of things it was not possible for him to divest himself of party prejudice and view affairs in the rigid and patriotic way characteristic of Washington. This brought about complications which gave him no end of trouble, and subjected him to criticisms which were often unjust.

WILLIAM HENRY SMITH.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.*

If there is any other living American novelist whose newest book may be taken up with

**SUSY*. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
DON ORSINO. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co.

A DAUGHTER OF VENICE. By John Seymour Wood. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

ZACHARY PHIPS. By Edwin Lassetter Bynner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE CHOSEN VALLEY. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

AN EARTHLY PARAGON. By Eva Wilder McGlasson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A SPOIL OF OFFICE. By Hamlin Garland. Boston: Arena Publishing Co.

IN SUNFLOWER LAND. Stories of God's Own Country. By Roswell Martin Field. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co.

BELHAVEN TALES, CROW'S NEST, UNA AND KING DAVID. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. New York: The Century Co.

OLD WAYS AND NEW. Stories by Viola Roseboro'. New York: The Century Co.

a degree of anticipatory satisfaction equal to that with which we open the pages of a novel by Mr. Harte, we confess not having the pleasure of his acquaintance. Our experience of a score or more volumes of Mr. Harte's fiction has been uniform in respect of enjoyment matching expectation, and we turn to the first chapter of "Susy" with a serene confidence of pleasure in store. The tale forms a sequel to "The Waif of the Plains," and tells of the subsequent fortunes of Clarence Brant and the little girl whom he so chivalrously succoured in that charming narrative. The familiar types of California character and landscape are brought to our attention once more, and with a freshness of interest that makes it hard to believe they are such very old acquaintances. As readers of Mr. Harte's stories know, it is the unexpected that always happens in his pages, and the element of unexpectedness in this story is provided by a sudden transfer of the hero's affections from Susy to her adopted mother. We are given to understand that, right down in the bottom of his heart, Clarence had always loved Mrs. Peyton, but we must confess that the situation is a trifle staggering, and that even the opportune removal of Major Peyton does not quite prepare us for it. At the close Mr. Harte hints that his hero may reappear in still another volume, and that "Susy" is but the intermediate stage of a sort of trilogy which that volume will complete.

A very different sort of trilogy, and one in which the art of fiction is undoubtedly taken more seriously than by Mr. Harte, is that now completed by the publication of Mr. Crawford's "Don Orsino." Mr. Crawford has been busy of late in disclaiming the embodiment in his fiction of ulterior motives, and in asserting that the aim of the novelist should be amusement only, but we must, for all that, account for our chief pleasure in the "Saracinesca" novels by considering them as historical pictures, as delineations of successive phases of one of the most interesting among modern societies. Modern Italy, in its social aspect at least, has hardly had a more intelligent interpretation than is given it by these three books; we should be proud of the fact that they are written in the English language, and by an American. The scene of "Don Orsino" takes us back but a few years, only as far as 1887 and the speculative fever then burning in the blood of the latest of Romes, marked by an eruption of new buildings, and the almost magical transformation of the Ancient City into a modern capi-

tal. The old Prince Saracinesca, with his more than fourscore years, still lives to be a spectator of this series of dissolving views, and is evidently past being astonished at anything, even at the sight of one of his descendants competing with mere plebeians for some of the wealth that has seemed so easy of acquisition in the sadly transformed Rome of recent years. Barring the occasional pages of not very profitable or profound analysis to which Mr. Crawford treats his readers in this novel, he has told a straightforward, vigorous, and interesting story, one that holds attention to the end, and leaves a few abiding memories.

Mr. Wood's "A Daughter of Venice" is a charming story told in the form of extracts from the diary of an American sojourner in the city of the Lagoon. A slightly false note is struck by the narrator in his assumption of age and world-weariness. From the sedate reflections in which he indulges at the start one is hardly prepared to discover him to be a young man of about thirty and a very proper hero for the romance that follows. The heroine is a fascinating, albeit an improbable, creation; the daughter of a patrician Venetian family, yet with very modern ideas, and an enthusiasm for freedom derived from reading American books and newspapers. Everything that bears the American hall-mark meets with her approval; she learns to play poker, and defies conventionality by walking, unattended, up the Merceria. She even persuades her father, much against his temperament, to share in her ardor for things American, and he reads the American newspapers with zeal, if not with discretion. This provides the situation with its element of humor, which we must illustrate by at least one extract. The father, Count Folsogni, meets the hero, Mr. Burden, at Florian's, one morning, and the incident of the meeting is thus described:

"He has a copy of the 'Herald,' and also 'Galigani,' in his hand. He is still in his uniform. His face is clouded. 'A friend who is posted has just informed me of very grave news — and news which doubtless will affect you, my dear Sir Burden. Sir, you have my sympathy.'

"He spreads out the 'Herald' on the table. 'In this war with England, which must ensue —'

"'War with England?' I read the scare heads — 'Fisheries War on the Newfoundland Banks!'

"'Oh, my dear Count, they won't go to war, I think —'

"'But read, my dear sir; it is that England is vituperative — and do you read these words relative to twisting the tail of the British lion? Sir, no country in the world can remain quiet after such insults have passed!'"

The story has also a serious side, and an ending that is quite terribly tragic. It would be difficult to tell a story about Venice without giving it a romantic atmosphere, and Mr. Wood offers abundant evidence of having fallen under the spell laid by the ancient city upon all who linger among its palaces. Some pretty illustrations add to the attractiveness of this welcome little book.

Mr. Bynner's "Zachary Phips" is a story for boys of many ages, the most interesting piece of fiction that the author has produced. He takes his hero as a small boy, at school in the Boston of nearly a century ago, and runs away with him to sea. Surprising are the adventures that follow, for the boy successively takes part in Burr's ill-fated expedition to the Southwest, becomes acquainted with life upon a Louisiana plantation, enters the navy in time to participate in the most striking episodes of the war of 1812, becomes a witness of General Jackson's dealings with the Indians of the South, and ends as Secretary of Legation in London, all before he has reached the age of twenty-five. The story is capitally told, and introduces not a little American history in a most effective manner.

The author of "The Chosen Valley" has investigated engineering with romance and given dramatic interest to the construction of an irrigating canal in the Southwest. Her clear-cut style and vivid phrases of description are a source of keen intellectual pleasure, although her incidents are not always probable, and although she leaves some things very imperfectly explained in her effort to economize material. But character is the main thing in a novel, and there can be no doubt concerning the reality of those who chiefly figure in this one. The American schemer who constructs the canal in the American way, and the proud Scotch engineer who opposes his methods and whom the end so abundantly justifies, are contrasted types delineated with an unswerving hand; and the two young people, son and daughter respectively of the others, are drawn for us with almost equal distinctness and firmness of outline. The story has a moral, too, and an impressive one it is: the moral that good work is alone worth doing, and careless or imperfect work brings disaster soon or late. Both theme and background of this story are comparatively unhackneyed, and their treatment goes to emphasize the author's success in the fundamentals of her art.

Miss McGlasson's "An Earthly Paragon"

is a story of considerable force and originality. An Ohio girl, transplanted to rustic Kentucky, and there working havoc upon at least one primitive heart, is its theme; one somewhat worn in the essentials, indeed, but always capable of fresh treatment. The author's village types are real people, one of them is conceived in a spirit of excellent humor, and all are unquestionably alive. As for the heroine's character, it is delineated with what we may fairly call subtlety, although the slight nature of the plot makes the effect somewhat impressionist. Miss McGlasson's style is just a little inclined to affectation, but has, at its best, a vivid dramatic quality and a picturesque suggestiveness that make it almost startling.

Mr. Hamlin Garland is a vigorous writer, acutely conscious of a mission and a message, but his work is sadly defective in both structure and expression. "A Spoil of Office," his latest novel, should prove an effective political tract, and impart something of its own indignant temper to its readers. The corruption of American politics and the sufferings of the hoodwinked farmer are its themes; vital enough, we must admit, although few would recommend Mr. Garland's particular nostrums for their cure. The author handles a literary bludgeon, which is not exactly an artist's tool, and does not minister to the literary graces. The every-day West is portrayed in his pages by the methods of a realism now much in vogue, but with little imaginative coloring, and still less insight into the depths of human character.

Mr. Roswell Martin Field, who has just published a volume of Western stories, has a far more artistic method than Mr. Garland, and keeps his moral carefully out of sight, which makes it none the less effective. These sketches of "God's Own Country" (which means Kansas and Missouri), slight as they are in structure, seem to us to have qualities of a high order, to be literature in a very real sense. "Is it not true," asks Mr. Field, "that the literature, the poetry, the romance of a country turns to humanity in its simple, original types, and finds its material where the rushing spirit of the century has produced the least effacement?" The author has adhered faithfully to this principle, and the result is a volume characterized by sincerity and insight, as well as by humor, pathos, and refined literary art. His work is not unlike that of Octave Thanet, except that it superadds a certain masculine humor distinctly different in quality from the humor of the latter writer. In this aspect,

Mr. Field's sketches are suggestive of Mr. Harte's studies of humanity in a more remotely Western environment. "Tubbs of Kansas" is a character sketch of simply delicious humor, while "How the Lord Remembered Curly" combines with a humor equally delicate a pathos in which there is no touch of morbidity. There is a cyclone story and a grasshopper story (both of them excellent), and several stories which illustrate the persistence of the old sectional issues among the Kansans and Missourians of to-day. Taken all in all, Mr. Field's book is one of the very few real accessions to that Western literature about which so much is said, and of which so little has as yet been produced.

One of the characters in Mrs. Burton Harrison's new book of stories "used to think there could be no spot on earth in which so many interesting things had happened, and so many interesting people had lived, as in old Belhaven." Mrs. Harrison's "Belhaven Tales" make us share the thought thus expressed, for her pictures of the old Virginia town have the charm that almost eludes analysis, and belongs only to a very finished art. They have the quality that painters call "atmosphere," and they have, besides, insight into character, variety of incident, and a pathos that is softened or unrelieved, as the occasion may require. These stories, mostly of a day not long past but seeming at least a century old, are so exquisite in color and light and shade that it would be hopeless to think of improving upon them, and they mark the highest point of the author's achievement hitherto.

The stories of "Old Ways and New," included in Miss Viola Roseboro's volume, are of unequal excellence, but the best of them are so good as to be deserving of very high praise. Miss Roseboro, like Mrs. Harrison, is a Southern writer, and her themes are mostly found in a Tennessee town, although the scene not infrequently shifts to New York. She also shows herself, now and then, cognizant of the existence of a New South, a social development that would hardly be suspected by one of Mrs. Harrison's readers. But although she admits the New South as a fact, it is clear that she does not give it her full approval. "Nannie's Career," one of the best of the stories, shows us where the writer's sympathies are really fixed. Nannie's mother, who has ornamented the house with fancy-work and become a zealous member of the W. C. T. U., sends her hapless daughter to New York in search of a career.

Nannie promptly finds her career—and a very proper one it is, although unexpected—by falling in love with the artist who has been giving her lessons in painting. Not a little knowledge of the human heart is displayed in these stories, and notably in the account of "Bentley's System" and its successful application. The intellectual quality is predominant over the emotional in this book, and finds expression in certain incisive characterizations and semi-satirical observations that are a marked feature of the author's work. The following is an excellent example of the latter: "Up to a recent date the temperance sentiments of the South found their chief: if not their sole expression in the social ostracism of all but the largest and most prosperous of the dealers in spirituous liquors." In the way of characterization, nothing could be better than Elmore Claymore, who had "a wonderful inexplicable imitation intellect," and who made speeches on all occasions. "All oratorical opportunities were embraced, and his speeches were full of metaphor and alliteration, and were informed with a really splendid temperamental fire—which had nothing whatever to do with his ideas, or rather which successfully survived their absence." The type is well-nigh universal, and may easily be recognized. It was "A Jest of Fate" by no means uncommon that this individual should impose upon a girl of mind untutored and wholly unanalytic. For a "first book," this collection of stories is a distinct success, and offers no slight promise of a brilliant future for its author.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

New York City half a century ago. A CHATTY, pleasantly desultory, and withal informing book, one that no New Yorker ambitious of knowing something of the middle stage of his city's progress can afford to overlook, is John F. Mines's "A Tour around New York" (Harper). The sketches have already appeared serially, and they have been duly revised, expanded, and profusely illustrated to fit them for more permanent form. Colonel Mines's knowledge, topical, personal, and social, of the Gotham of half a century ago,—when the Christys reigned at Mechanics Hall and the Ravels were at Niblo's, when the Stuyvesant pear-tree still stood in the "bouwerie" and Harlem was a village, when red-shirted "Mose" was the cynosure of the fair, and brave "Tom" Hyer's laurels were green, when the Lisenards, Kips, Warrens, De Lanceys, Beek-

mans, were potent realities, and when timid folk took the stage or the sloop rather than "ride with a tea-kettle,"—was almost encyclopædic. Nor was the Colonel a mere annalist. His heart was with old New York. One catches a mournful ring of the "*Troja fuit*" in his recital, and a natural bent for humor and sentiment enabled him to invest his rather unpromising theme with more than a local charm and interest. Besides its historical value, the book is a mine of anecdotes. We subjoin one illustrating the curious vitality and wide-spread currency of the slang and idioms of the Bowery: "Twelve or fifteen years before the war for the Union broke out, a New York boy of good family ran away to sea and made a whaling voyage. Out in the South Pacific Ocean one day his ship anchored off a small island in the wide waste of waters, in the hope of getting fresh supplies. Presently a great canoe, paddled by a score of dusky spearmen, shot out from the shore, and a huge islander, who turned out to be the king of the reef, clambered up the side of the ship. When he reached the deck the monarch smiled so as to show every one of his milk-white teeth, and laughed assuringly. 'Do you speak English?' asked the captain. The giant opened his capacious mouth and roared, 'I kills for Keyser!' The mystified captain, who was a New Englander, inquired 'What in the name of iniquity' he meant. 'I kills for Keyser!' roared the giant again. Then the young New Yorker stepped forward and explained that this was a New York idiom in general use at one time in the Bowery. Keyser was a famous cattle-man, and the butchers who 'killed' for him were proud of asserting the fact, and it had passed into the slang of the period." Just how the "King" had acquired his scrap of dubious English was a mystery; but he certainly used it in all courtesy as a neat and proper form of royal salutation. The humorous and anecdotal element in the book is of course subordinate. Colonel Mines's primary aim was to write a popular history of middle-aged New York, and he has done it well.

An Englishman's liberal views of American politics and institutions.

"HORE SABBATICÆ" (Macmillan), by Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, a collection of rather brief articles reprinted from the London "Saturday Review," will attract thoughtful readers. The author's themes are serious, his treatment of them is liberal and learned, and he evidently holds the proper business of a reviewer to be the helping his readers as directly and plainly as possible to a clear conception of the book and author reviewed. It may be well to say here for the behoof of cis-Atlantic readers that Sir James (writing for the "Saturday Review") is not as one bereft of reason the moment he touches on things American. He has written for instance, a short review of "The Federalist," which gives him a capital chance of "blowing up the 'Mericans" on the well-known Mark Tapleyan principle; but this paper is no less fair and critical

in tone than the others. There are twenty papers in all; three on Berkeley's works, three on Burke's, one on Bentham's "Theory of Legislation," one on Cobbett's Political Works, four on De Maistre, one on Paley's "Evidences," one on Tom Paine, etc., the volume ending with three essays on "The Rights of Conscience," "The Temporal and Spiritual Powers," and "Moral Controversies." The author's treatment of American political ideas and institutions is as we have said, fair and judicial—though, naturally, he cannot assent to the (to us) self-evident proposition that "in all governments sovereignty is in the people, and that the government enjoys so much power only as the people surrender for the common good." This, he observes, appears to Englishmen in general "a mere piece of bad rhetoric, and it almost always is so." That is, (if we are to believe our author) "Englishmen in general" are, in respect to rational ideas of government, in much the same plight as the contemporaries of Copernicus were in respect to his solar theory, or as the "plain man" always will be when he tries to wrench his mind round to the standpoint of the Kantian philosophy. It is simply a case of mental inertia. We think our author's charge against his countrymen much too sweeping; though there is, of course, a certain perennial Stone-Age type of Englishman who finds it as hard to clear his mind of political superstition, as Münchhausen found it to lift himself and his horse out of the morass by his own pigtail. In the philosophical and moral essays Sir James shows himself a good expositor and a sound thinker; and the book throughout will repay close reading.

Biblical literature in the light of the higher criticism.

A GREAT service is rendered to the literature of any subject when someone versed in the latest researches of its highest authorities undertakes to present these in a form simple, available, and suited to the conditions under which most persons must do their reading and gain their knowledge. About three years ago we had occasion to commend a work of this kind on the subject of evolution, "The Continuous Creation." We have now another book from the same author, the Rev. Myron Adams, dealing with the results of the higher criticism as applied to Biblical literature, "The Creation of the Bible" (Houghton). As in the earlier work, the author makes no pretensions to original research; but he has been a diligent student of Kuenen and Wellhausen, besides other scarcely less famous authorities, and presents their conclusions in their most vital relations to the subject in hand. Granted the truth of evolution as the underlying process of all nature, he asserts that it cannot stop short in its application to *all* departments of inquiry, and hence that the Bible, like everything else, must be studied in the light of its historic development. Mr. Adams has a very happy art of simplifying and illustrating his themes. This is particularly shown in the earlier portions of the book, where, in discussing the editorial work

of Ezra the scribe, the processes of history-making, and the traditional and legendary elements in the composition of the Bible, he brings the reader very closely in touch with the old days and the old peoples. The latter part of the book, from the nature of its subjects, is less vivid and entertaining. Yet even here the author's manner lends much charm to chapters with such unalluring headings as "Paul and the Second Advent," "The Apocalypse of John," "The Authorship of the Fourth Gospel." Exact information concerning the latest conclusions of advanced biblical criticism is something many persons have desired who are without opportunity or leisure to consult original sources; by all such Mr. Adams's book will be warmly welcomed.

Mr. Lowell on
the old English
Dramatists.

MR. LOWELL's lectures on "The Old English Dramatists" were delivered at the Lowell Institute in 1887. They are now reproduced in book form (Houghton), rather imperfectly, because much was added in the delivery that did not appear in the manuscript, and because the illustrative extracts, read from the printed book, were not always indicated. Hence we must not expect to find Mr. Lowell at his best in these lectures. But Mr. Lowell's second best was as good as most men's first, and the lectures, as we have them, are a real enrichment of criticism. One of the author's earliest published volumes (not, to our knowledge, reprinted) was devoted to the subject of the Elizabethan dramatists, so that nearly half a century of study lay back of the lectures now before us. And the subject of these dramatists was not neglected in the interim, for Mr. Lowell says: "I have continued to read them ever since, with no less pleasure, if with more discrimination." The lectures are, of course, freighted with the author's wealth of literary knowledge, and illuminated by the side-lights that shine from a richly-stored mind. They are also sympathetic, and, in the main, just in estimate, although at times the author appears a trifle too nervous lest he should say something of Marlowe or Fletcher that ought to be reserved for Shakespeare. We do not think that he quite does justice to Webster and Ford (upon the latter we prefer to take the Lowell of 1843), and we cannot find, with him, in Fletcher "a higher and graver poetical quality" than in Beaumont. On the other hand, he gives Marlowe nearly the full measure of his deserved praise, and Massinger, if anything, more than is deserved. The lectures are hardly equal in critical value, even as far as they go, to Mr. Swinburne's essays on the same group of writers, and are far less thorough. And in this connection we should like to ask why Mr. Swinburne, or somebody for him, does not collect into a volume that masterly series of studies, now scattered among many books and periodicals. If we recollect aright, the series is nearly complete, and it is one of the things that must be read by every student of Elizabethan poetry.

A cycling tour
in England.

ONE of the brightest and freshest of recent travel-books is Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites's "Our Cycling Tour in England" (McClurg). Accompanied by his wife, the author, in 1891, threaded his way a-wheel through the leafy highways and byways of southern England, putting up at out-of-the-way villages and baiting at belated Izaak Walton inns, "interviewing" *en route* the Squire, the Parson, and the landlady, screwing bits of conversational small-change out of taciturn "Hodge," and, in short, rubbing elbows as closely and sociably as possible with English rural life. Mr. Thwaites observes well, remembers well, and writes well; and he has duly enlivened his journal with bits of local anecdote and *genre*. Here is a scrap of dialogue between a "Boots" and an ostler at a Canterbury hotel, that the American tourist may note with profit: "'Pears to me Joe,' said Boots, 'as 'ow the lyedy and gent's a roon-away coople, an's carr'n their 'ouse 'long wi' 'em.' 'Thee's a born ijiit, Dyve, thee be's,' responded the ostler contemptuously, as with a rheumatic sigh he arose and wiped his perspiring brow with the back of his shirt-sleeve; 'they'se reg'lar nuff, but I heer'n Bill, the waiter, a-tell'n' o' cook as 'ow he know'd 'em for 'Mericans immedjate, for the young missus ordered on a pitcher o' cold water at breakfast,—an' that's 'Merican every time, he says; an' he ought to know, as he's served towrists oop in Wales, where they set a joog o' water on every mornin' for breakfast, there's so many 'Mericans as comes that wye. They drinks watter wi' their victuals, an' says pitcher when they means joog, an' all that wye o' talkin' an' do'n', you know, though I un'erstan' as 'ow they pretends to talk English over there in 'Merica, but I'll be blymed if I can un'erstan' 'em mysel' soomtoimes.'" We trust none of our dialect writers will exploit the region about Canterbury.

Archbishop Hughes
as a "maker
of America."

IN one of the new volumes of the "Makers of America" series (Dodd, Mead & Co.) we have a life of John Hughes, the first archbishop of New York—in *partibus infidelium*. He was for thirty years or more a vigorous active factor in the Roman Catholic church. He did much to direct its growth and to give it the place it now holds in America. He was one of those rare men to whom democratic America and the democratic church give every opportunity. His parentage was humble. He had to make his own opportunities for gaining education and culture. But when once this sturdy son of a poor Irish peasant was fairly within the fold of the church, he rose by the sheer force of his own character; for whatever else may be charged against the classified hierarchy and the powerful dignitaries of the Roman church, it is beyond doubt democratic in the recognition of ability and devotion. To those who are not churchmen of his faith, the life of the great archbishop is chiefly interesting for two incidents in his career. He led the great struggle in New York

in behalf of the parochial schools, asserting that inasmuch as the Catholic had conscientious scruples against sending his child to the public schools either he should be relieved from the tax which supported them or the money should be distributed among the parochial schools also. The second great incident of his life is his mission abroad during the Rebellion. He was one of those unofficial ambassadors whom Secretary Seward sent to Europe charged with the task of counteracting the words and influence of Confederate agents and of impressing monarchs and ministers with the fact that in sympathizing with insurrection they were countenancing slavery and aiding a hopeless cause. Certainly the life and work of this virile and patriotic priest ought to have been written, and ought to be read; yet one cannot help thinking that his fellow-churchman, the author, has shown but little historical-mindedness, and that in his hands biography has become not much more than eulogy.

An invaluable index to general literature.

AN inestimable service has been done to literary workers by the preparation of "The American Library Association Index" (Houghton). This work, which was suggested by Dr. W. F. Poole, and undertaken by Mr. W. I. Fletcher with the coöperation of the American Library Association, is a bibliographical aid almost as important as Dr. Poole's own great "Index." Something like half the work upon this Index Rerum was done by Mr. Fletcher and his immediate assistant; some sixty librarians contributed the rest. Nearly three thousand volumes are indexed, including books of essays, the collections of learned societies, "and many works of history, travel, and general literature, whose individual chapters furnish a monographic treatment of special persons, places, events, or topics." No library, public or private, which includes even five per cent of the volumes here indexed, can afford to be without this invaluable work. Temporary supplements are promised from time to time, and Mr. Fletcher expresses the hope that the work thus begun "may produce after some years an enlarged edition, as happily disproportionate to this as the 'Poole' of 1882 was to that of 1848." There is no reason why this hope should not be realized, and its realization would be the greatest possible boon to students and readers.

Sketches of Rural New England.

"ALONG New England Roads" (Harper), a pretty volume from the pen of W. C. Prime, is made up of letters written during the past forty years to the New York "Journal of Commerce." Dr. Prime tells us in the preface that he has been forced to reprint his sketches because some of his readers have threatened him that if he did not make a book of them they would. A threat of this kind implies nothing very unpleasant, and we fancy there are few authors but would, under the circumstances, bow gracefully to the situation—and publish. Dr.

Prime treats pleasantly and familiarly of rural New England as he saw it in the course of several carriage excursions; and the types, incidents, and colloquies that he introduces here and there have the right "down east" flavor. There is a charming chapter on angling, and an amusing one on "Epitaphs and Names," in which the Doctor submits some choice flowers of mortuary verse, culled in country church-yards. One epitaph (recalling the prudent pilgrim in the ballad, who "boiled his peas") ends thus:

"His wayes were wayes of pleasantness,
And all his paths were peace."

Another, the work of an ambitious stone-cutter who certainly "knew to build the lofty rhyme," bids the reader—

"Mourn not for me
Wipe off the crystal tear
Your allotted position be
Like mine upon a bier.
Go search the earth around
Regard well your behaver
To Jesus Christ you're bound
He is your only Saviour."

Evidently, nothing but a nice sense of propriety withheld the bard from writing it "Saveer."

Select historical documents of the Middle Ages.

NOTHING is more characteristic of recent methods of historical study than the emphasis placed on original documents and contemporary records as at once the most trustworthy and the most vivid materials for understanding the life of the past. With the aim of making such materials accessible to the reader and student of history, a number of small books have been published which bring together in convenient form the most important texts on various historical subjects. Mr. Ernest F. Henderson has sought to make such a collection of extracts from the sources of mediæval history in his "Select Historical Documents of the Middle Ages," issued in Bohn's Antiquarian Library. The documents are rendered into English with little comment or explanation and generally without abridgement. They are well-chosen, but include scarcely anything that cannot be found, better edited, in the manuals of Stubbs, Doeberl, and Altmann and Bernheim. The chief merit of the book lies in setting before English readers what has hitherto been accessible only in Latin.

BRIEFER MENTION.

VOLUME XXXIII. of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (Macmillan), edited by Mr. Sidney Lee, extends from Leighton to Lluelyn, the largest amount of space falling to the families of Leslie Lewis, Lindsay, and Lloyd. Among the men of letters included we find Mark Lemon, Charles Lever, and George Henry Lewes.

TO THE "Dryburgh" edition of the Waverley novels "The Antiquary" (Macmillan) has been added, with illustrations by Mr. Paul Hardy. The same publishers have added "Sketches by Boz" to their popular series of Dickens reprints. "Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart

and Other Tales" (Harper) appears in the new uniform edition of Mr. Black's novels. The new edition of Herman Melville's most important stories is now completed by the publication (U. S. Book Co.) of "Moby-Dick" and "White-Jacket."

DR. A. SHERIDAN LEA's "The Chemical Basis of the Animal Body" (Macmillan) is a substantial volume, and, although prepared as an appendix to Foster's "Text-Book of Physiology," is a treatise complete in itself. It is well provided with references to the latest work done in this department of chemistry, and is in all respects brought thoroughly down to date. There are full indexes to subjects and to authorities quoted.

MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY has made a selection of "Elizabethan and Jacobean Pamphlets" (Macmillan) for publication in "The Pocket Library of English Literature." Seven numbers are included, representing Lodge, Lyly, Greene, Nash, Dekker, Breton, and Harvey. As usual, Mr. Saintsbury's introduction is quite as interesting as anything that follows it.

"EUROPEAN Pictures of the Year" (Cassell), being the foreign art supplement for 1892 of "The Magazine of Art," gives us interesting examples, classified according to national schools, of recent works of painting and sculpture. America is not unrepresented, although the title of the book hardly indicates this, and we notice with particular pleasure Mr. Walter MacEwen's "The Sorceresses."

RECENT books of poetry include a pretty edition of Pope's "Iliad" (McClurg), in two of the "Laurel Crowned" volumes, the text edited (with Pope's preface and notes) by Mr. Francis F. Browne; "Wanderers" (Macmillan), being the poems of Mr. William Winter in a new edition; "Jump to Glory Jane" (Macmillan), a doggerel narrative by Mr. George Meredith, published with illustrations and in a sumptuous manner of which the text is quite unworthy; "Poetry of the Gathered Years" (McClurg), prettily printed, and compiled by "M. H." from many sources; a volume of "Lyrics and Ballads of Heine and Other German Poets" (Putnam), translated by Miss Frances Hellman; and "By the Atlantide" (Lee & Shepard), in which, through nearly five hundred pages, Mr. I. D. Van Duzee evokes the unwilling Muse.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

A volume of Mr. Bliss Carman's poems will soon be published in London.

The British Society of Authors, starting in 1884 with 68 members, now has 870 on its roll.

A work on "English Prose Writers," in five volumes, by Mr. Henry Craik, is announced.

A volume of Mr. William Watson's prose, consisting mainly of reprinted literary criticism, will soon appear. "The Century" will soon publish a number of letters written by Walt Whitman to his mother during the Civil War.

William Lloyd Garrison's statue in bronze, of colossal size, will be unveiled in Newburyport next Fourth of July.

Messrs. D. C. Heath and Company announce a volume of the "Select Speeches of Daniel Webster," edited by Professor A. J. George.

Several essays upon the art of fiction, entitled collectively "The Aim of the Novel," are soon to be pub-

lished by Mr. F. Marion Crawford through the Macmillans.

Mr. J. Addington Symonds is at work upon a study of Walt Whitman, and will soon publish a new edition of his essays upon the Greek Poets.

"Toscanelli," a geographical periodical largely devoted to Columbian studies, has made its first appearance. It is published in Florence, and edited by Sig. G. Uzielli.

Herr Fr. Winkel Horn is engaged upon a Danish translation of the works of Mr. Bret Harte, and "Gabriel Conroy," the first volume, has recently appeared in Copenhagen.

Mr. George E. Woodberry is to write the life of Lowell in the "American Men of Letters" series. Curtis will also appear in this series, his biographer being Mr. Edward Cary.

Some one in Oakland, California, proposes to collect the poems of Richard Realf, as well as to raise a fund for the erection of a suitable monument over the poet's grave in San Francisco.

Mr. Thomas Whittaker announces "Early Maryland, Civil, Social, and Ecclesiastical," by Dr. Theodore C. Gambrell; and "The Private Life of the Great Composers," by Mr. John Rowbotham.

Albert Delpit, the French writer who died on the 4th of January, was by birth an American, having first seen the light at New Orleans, in 1849. He was the author of many plays, poems, and novels.

The first volume of Professor Bryce's new "American Commonwealth" will be published this month by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., who also announce "Plato and Platonism," by Mr. Walter Pater.

What is the poor critic to do when a poet gives his own book the title "Rank Doggerel"? This is what Mr. James Hewson, an Englishman, has done, and the device may be more clever than it seems.

M. Octave Uzanne, the editor of "L'Art et l'Idée," has determined to take a year off for the purpose of visiting the Columbian Exposition, and announces a suspension of his periodical until January, 1894.

"Rousseau," by M. Arthur Chuquet, is the latest addition to the "Grands Ecrivains Français." The next volumes promised are "Merimée," by M. Auguste Filon, and "Alfred de Musset," by "Arvède Barine."

M. Ary Renan announces the two concluding volumes of his father's "Histoire du Peuple d'Israël." One will appear in March and the other some months later. Renan's scattered writings will also be collected and published.

A second and corrected edition of Mr. Francis H. Underwood's "Quabbin" is in course of preparation. The text has been carefully gone over by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, pencil in hand, and many changes suggested. There will also be a number of added photographs.

We note with extreme satisfaction the announcement that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to publish Parsons's translation of Dante, as far as the work was done at the time of the poet's death, and that the volume will contain the first two *cantiche* entire, with a considerable part of the third.

The second of this month, M. Thureau-Dangin, the historian, and the Vicomte Henri de Bornier, the poet, were elected to the French Academy. The third of the existing vacancies was not filled at this election, although

five ballots were taken. It is interesting to learn that M. Zola obtained only six votes.

"The Magazine of American History" and "The National Magazine" have been united under the name of the former, and will be published by the National History Company, with General James Grant Wilson as editor. The new magazine will be larger than either of its constituent parts, but will be issued at a reduced price.

The publishers of "The New England Magazine" send us a timely pamphlet reprint of Mr. Julius H. Ward's article on the late Phillips Brooks, published about a year ago in the magazine. The reprint includes Bishop Brooks's sermon on Abraham Lincoln delivered at Philadelphia, April 23, 1865, when the body of the murdered President was lying in state in that city.

It is announced by "The Critic" that the ownership of that journal is now in the hands of Mr. J. B. Gilder and Miss J. L. Gilder, its founders and editors, who have acquired the controlling interest hitherto held by the publishing house of Charles E. Merrill & Co. We congratulate our sprightly contemporary both on the success already achieved and the promise of increased prosperity for the future.

Mr. F. H. Day, of Norwood, Massachusetts, a member of the Keats Memorial Committee, writes to us as follows:

"Grateful acknowledgement is made, in behalf of the committee receiving subscriptions towards the erection of the Keats Memorial in Hampstead, of the contribution received 'from a lover of Keats,' La Fayette, Indiana, from whom a more definite name would be appreciated."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

February, 1893 (Second List).

American Millionaires and their Gifts. *Review of Reviews*.
 Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Ry. *Illus. Cosmopolitan*.
 Beet-root Sugar. *Illus. H. S. Adams. Cosmopolitan*.
 Blaine. *Illus. T. C. Crawford. Cosmopolitan*.
 Books for a Musical Library. *J. G. Adams. Music*.
 Boston's Public Schools. *J. M. Rice. Forum*.
 Browning's Musical Philosophy. *R. P. Hughes. Music*.
 Cholera, How to Prevent. *Sir Spencer Wells. Forum*.
 Critic and his Task, The. *Dial (Feb. 16)*.
 Democracy and the Mother Tongue. *J. C. Adams. Cosmopolitan*.
 Education, The New. *J. R. Buchanan. Arena*.
 Electric Lighting in Am. Cities. *R. J. Finley. Rev. of Rev.*
 Emotion and the Modern Novel. *F. Marion Crawford. Forum*.
 Fuller, Henry B. *W. I. Way. Inland Printer*.
 Gould, Jay. *W. T. Stead. Review of Reviews*.
 Gould Millions and Inheritance Tax. *Max West. Rev. of Rev.*
 Gypsy Music. *Theo. Moelling. Music*.
 History, Art of Writing. *W. E. H. Lecky. Forum*.
 Housekeeping Problems. *Frances M. Abbott. Forum*.
 Japan, Religious Thought in. *Kinza M. Hirai. Arena*.
 Jefferies, Richard. *E. G. J. Dial (Feb. 16)*.
 Jefferson, Thomas. *William Henry Smith. Dial (Feb. 16)*.
 Macbeth, Lady, Stage Types of. *Morris Ross. Poet-Lore*.
 Mascagni, Pietro. *Illus. Alfred Veit. Music*.
 Medicine as a Career. *J. S. Billings. Forum*.
 Money, Power and Value of. *M. J. Savage. Arena*.
 Monte Carlo. *Illus. H. C. Farnham. Cosmopolitan*.
 Municipal Gas Making. *Prof. Bemis. Review of Reviews*.
 Music at the Fair. *W. S. B. Matthews. Music*.
 National Arbitration, Compulsory. *Solomon Schindler. Arena*.
 Naval Construction, Evolution of. *Illus. Cosmopolitan*.
 Negro Suffrage a Failure. *J. C. Wickliffe. Forum*.
 Oldest English Lyric. *Richard Burton. Poet-Lore*.

Oriental Rugs. *Illus. S. G. W. Benjamin. Cosmopolitan*.
 Piano-Playing, Philosophy in. *Adolph Carpe. Music*.
 Poetic Expression. *D. Dorchester, Jr. Poet-Lore*.
 Poetry, Future of. *C. L. Moore. Forum*.
 Poetry, Mr. Stedman on. *A. G. Newcomer. Dial (Feb. 16)*.
 Realism and Other Isms. *Joseph Kirkland. Dial (Feb. 16)*.
 Representation, Proportional. *W. D. McCrackan. Arena*.
 Ruskin as Letter-Writer. *W. G. Kingsland. Poet-Lore*.
 Shakespeare, A Defense of. *W. J. Rolfe. Arena*.
 Silver-Purchase Act. *G. T. Williams. Forum*.
 Suffrage. *E. E. Hale. Cosmopolitan*.
 Tariff Reform. *D. A. Wells. Forum*.
 Women Wage-Earners. *Helen Campbell. Arena*.
 Wood Printing. *L. L. Price. Inland Printer*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 63 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

HISTORY.

The Story of a Cavalry Regiment: The Career of the Fourth Iowa Volunteers, from Kansas to Georgia, 1861-5. By William Forse Scott, late Adjutant. Large 8vo, with maps, etc., pp. 600, gilt top, uncut edges. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.
 The Campaign of Waterloo: A Military History. By John Codman Ropes, author of "The Army under Pope." With map, large 8vo, pp. 400, gilt top, uncut edges. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.
 Russia under Alexander III, and in the Preceding Period. Translated from the German of H. Von Samson-Himmelstierna, by J. Morrison, M.A. Edited, with explanatory notes and an introduction, by Felix Volkhovsky. 8vo, pp. 306, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$3.00.
 The Tuscan Republics: Florence, Siena, Pisa, and Lucca, with Genoa. By Bella Duffy. *Illus.*, 8vo, pp. 456. Putnam's "Story of the Nations" series. \$1.50.

BIOGRAPHY, ETC.

Charles Darwin: His Life Told in an Autobiographical Chapter and in a Selected Series of his published Letters. Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. With portrait, 8vo, pp. 365. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
 Letters of James Smetham, with an Introductory Memoir. Edited by Sarah Smetham and William Davies. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 404, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.
 Browning and Whitman: A Study in Democracy. By Oscar L. Triggs (University of Chicago). 18mo, pp. 145. Macmillan's "Dilettante Library." 90 cts.

ESSAYS.

In the Key of Blue, and Other Prose Essays. By John Addington Symonds. 12mo, pp. 302, gilt top, uncut edges. Macmillan & Co. \$3.50.
 Gossip in a Library. By Edmund Gosse. 12mo, pp. 337. Lovell, Coryell & Co. \$1.25.
 Let Him First Be a Man, and Other Essays, chiefly relating to Education and Culture. By W. H. Venable, LL.D., author of "The Teacher's Dream." 12mo, pp. 264. Lee & Shepard. \$1.25.

LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE.

Three Centuries of Scottish Literature. By Hugh Walker, M.A. In 2 vols., 12mo, uncut edges. Macmillan & Co. \$3.00.
 Hältys Verhältnisse zu der englischen Literatur: Inaugural-Dissertation zur Erlangung der philosophischen Doctorwürde. Von Lewis Addison Rhoades, A.M. 8vo, pp. 50. Göttingen: Dieterich'schen Univ.-Buchdruckerei.
 History of English: The Origin and Development of the English Language. By A. C. Champeys, M.A. 12mo, pp. 415, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

ART.

A Guide to the Paintings of Florence: An Account of all the Pictures and Frescoes in Florence. By Karl Kärstly. 18mo, pp. 345. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.

POETRY.

- Adzuma; or, The Japanese Wife: A Play in Four Acts. By Sir Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia." 16mo, pp. 170, gilt top, uncut edges. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- The City of Dreadful Night. By James Thomson. With introduction by E. Cavazza. 12mo, pp. 120, uncut. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher. \$1.50.
- A Country Muse: New Series. By Norman R. Gale, author of "A June Romance." 18mo, pp. 110, uncut. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.
- Malmgrado: A Metrical Romance. By Joseph I. C. Clarke, author of "Robert Emmet, a Tragedy." 18mo, pp. 92, gilt top, uncut edges. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 75 cts.; paper, 50 cts.
- The Song of America and Columbus; or, The Story of the New World. By Kinahan Cornwallis. 16mo, pp. 278. New York: Office Daily Investigator. \$1.00.
- A New Curriculum. Found Among the Posthumous Papers of Mr. Egbert Cole, M.A. 18mo, pp. 40. Porter & Coates. 50 cts.

FICTION.

- The Grand Chaco. By George Manville Fenn, author of "The Dingo Boys." Illus., 12mo, pp. 383. Tait, Sons & Co. \$1.50.
- Furoni Amati: A Romance. By Mrs. L. C. Ellsworth, author of "A Little Worldling." 16mo, pp. 164. Tait, Sons & Co. \$1.00.
- "Mr. Punch's" Prize Novels: New Series. By R. C. Lehman. Illus. from "Punch," 16mo, pp. 239. Tait, Sons & Co. \$1.00.
- Stories and Sketches. By Grace Greenwood, author of "My Tour in Europe." 16mo, pp. 220. Tait, Sons & Co. \$1.00.
- A Moral Dilemma. By Annie Thompson. 8vo, pp. 312. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00.
- A Mute Confessor: The Romance of a Southern Town. By William N. Harben, author of "White Marie." With portrait, 16mo, pp. 192. Arena Publishing Co. \$1.00.
- Lights and Shadows of the Soul: Collected Sketches and Stories. By Sylvan Drey. 18mo, pp. 91. Baltimore: Cushing & Co. 60 cts.
- Rob Roy. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. New Dryburgh edition, illus., 8vo, pp. 423, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.
- David Copperfield. By Charles Dickens. Reprint of the first edition, with the illustrations, and an introduction by Charles Dickens the Younger. 12mo, pp. 819, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$1.00.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

- Appleton's Town and Country Library: A Comedy of Elopement, by Christian Reid; 16mo, pp. 261.—In the Suntime of Her Youth, by Beatrice Whitby; 16mo, pp. 305. Each, 50 cts.
- Harper's Franklin Square Library: The Veiled Hand, by Frederic Wicks; 8vo, pp. 316. 50 cts.
- Rand, McNally & Co.'s Rialto Series: Danesbury House, by Mrs. Henry Wood, with introduction by Frances E. Willard and Lady Henry Somerset; 8vo, pp. 295. 75 cts.
- Morrill, Higgins & Co.'s Idylwild Series: The Man from Wall Street, by St. George Rathborne; illus., 8vo, pp. 324.—L'Americaine, by Jules Ceartie, tr. by William Henry Seudder; illus., 8vo, pp. 404.—My Jean, by Patience Stapleton; illus., 8vo, pp. 332. Each, 50 cts.
- Schulte's Ariel Library: American Push, by Edgar Fawcett; 8vo, pp. 236. 50 cts.
- Taylor's Broadway Series: Lady Verner's Flight, by "The Duchess"; 16mo, pp. 310. 50 cts.
- Bonner's Choice Series: The Spanish Treasure, by Elizabeth C. Winter, illus. by Warren B. Davis; 16mo, pp. 335.—The Siberian Exiles, by Col. T. W. Knox; 16mo, pp. 354. Each, 50 cts.

SOCIAL STUDIES.

- Superstition and Force: Essays on the Wager of Law, the Wager of Battle, the Ordeal, Torture. By Henry Charles Lea, LL.D. 4th edition, revised, 8vo, pp. 627. Lea Brothers & Co. \$2.75.
- Our Children of the Slums. By Annie Bronson King. 12mo, pp. 54. D. D. Merrill Co. 50 cts.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

- Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth, Mountaineer, Scout, Pioneer, and Chief of the Crow Nation of Indians. Written from his own dictation, by T. D. Bonner. New edition, edited by Charles G. Leland. Illus., 8vo, pp. 440. Macmillan's "Adventure Series." \$1.50.
- Morocco as It Is. With an account of Sir Charles Euan Smith's Recent Mission to Fez. By Stephen Bonsal, Jr. Illus., 12mo, pp. 349. Harper & Brothers. \$2.00.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

- The Life of Jesus Critically Examined. By Dr. David Friedrich Strauss. Translated from the 4th German edition, by George Eliot. 2d edition, large 8vo, pp. 784, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$4.50.
- Guide to the Knowledge of God: A Study of the Chief Theodicies. By A. Gratry. Translated by Abby Langdon Alger, with introduction by William R. Alger. Large 8vo, pp. 469. Roberts Brothers. \$3.00.
- Short History of the Christian Church. By John Fletcher Hurst, D.D. With maps, 8vo, pp. 672, gilt top, uncut edges. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.
- The Distinctive Messages of the Old Religions. By the Rev. George Matheson, M.A. 12mo, pp. 342. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. \$1.75.
- The Higher Criticism of the Hexateuch. By Charles Augustus Briggs. 12mo, pp. 239. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.
- A Short History of the Book of Common Prayer. Together with certain papers illustrative of liturgical revision, 1878-92. By William Reed Huntington, D.D. 12mo, pp. 235. Thomas Whittaker. \$1.00.
- The Coming Religion. By Thomas Van Ness. 16mo, pp. 228, red top. Roberts Brothers. \$1.00.
- The Tongue of Fire; or, The True Power of Christianity. By William Arthur, A.M., author of "The Successful Merchant." With new preface, and introduction by Rev. W. M. Taylor, D.D. 16mo, pp. 330. Harper & Brothers. \$1.00.
- At His Feet. By Wayland Hoyt, D.D., author of "Along the Pilgrimage." 16mo, pp. 222, gilt top, uncut. D. D. Merrill Co. \$1.00.
- Handbook of Christian Evidences. By Alexander Stewart, D.D. 32mo, pp. 94. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 25 cts.
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